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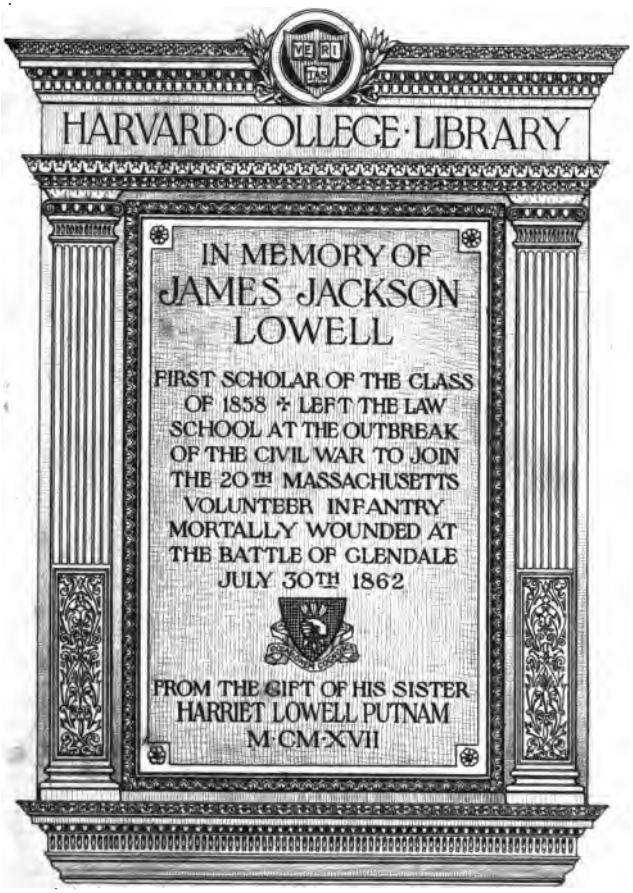


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# AUSTRALIAN VERSES

# AUSTRALIAN VERSES

BY

W. H. H. YARRINGTON

M.A., LL.B.

*Incumbent of St. Mary's, West Maitland, N.S.W.*

GEORGE ROBERTSON AND COMPANY

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# PREFACE.

THE following verses, written on various occasions, are printed in this collected form chiefly with the view to their preservation, and many are reproduced in deference to the wish of friends who desired to possess copies, such as the special hymns, earlier pieces, &c. The writer lays no claim to originality either in the matter or method of treatment, but has simply sought to express a few thoughts and arguments in as clear and persuasive a form as he was able. The lines are chiefly descriptive, didactic, and religious in character. Some of them have been printed before, but have since been revised, and, in many instances, much altered. With the object of assisting to defray expenses, and in the hope that some at least of the lines may meet with acceptance, they are now, with much respect, offered to the public.

## UNIVERSITY PRIZE POEM.

### "CAPTAIN COOK MEDITATING ON AUSTRALIA'S FUTURE."

*(Delivered at the opening of the Great Hall of the University, Sydney.)*

THE stillness and the hush of evening lay
O'er sleeping nature; and the quiet bay,
Calmly reposing, as in tranquil sleep,
Stirred not, save as the swelling from the deep
Came stealing o'er it, just as gentle breath
Lifts the soft bosom that in seeming death,
By passions all untortured, quiet lies,
Untorn by anguish, undisturbed by sighs;
So slept the waters, o'er whose face a beam
Of softest light, e'en as a living stream
Of purest silver, lay; and from her throne
Amid the floating clouds, in beauty shone
The quiet moon—a mild and holy calm

Hung o'er the scene; and like an incense-charm,
The fragrance that from woodland flow'rets swept—
Flow'rets that with the dews of evening wept—
Came o'er the waters with the gentle air,
Then rose to Heaven like a hallowed prayer!

Resting upon the water's surface lay
A noble ship, that, in the peaceful bay,
Sought from the ocean's fierce unrest repose;
And here her wand'rings found a happy close;
Here, where no more the angry billow rolls,
Nor lurking rocks are feared, nor treach'rous shoals.
Hushed was each sound; nor heard the boatswain's call
Nor hoarse command, for sleep was over all—
Sleep, peaceful sleep! The ship a spectre stood,
Floating, uncertain on the air or flood,
As o'er her web-like rigging and the spars
The moonlight brooded; and the twinkling stars
Were seen the midst. Is there no creature there?
And is that ship a phantom of the air?
No—on the silent deck appears a form;
'Tis of a seaman whom full many a storm
Hath tossed. It is the form of him whose name,
From age to age, shall, with undying fame,
To every son of this bright land be taught.
'Tis Cook!—who treads that deck in lonely thought!
Yes! there is he, of Britain's sons the first
Upon whose view, in all its beauty, burst
This sunny land, where now we live; yes, there,
Gazing on all around, so still, so fair,
Into his soul he drinks its quietness;

And o'er his spirit visions dreamlike press,
And fleeting vanish; while his pensive mind,
Which to the past and present hour is blind,
Thinks on the future of this happy land—
Thinks, as he gazes on the woodgirt strand,
Upon the time when far and wide around,
Those groves shall echo to the axe's sound—
Those woods, through time unmeasured that had been
Of savage life the fruitless, wasted scene;
Beneath whose spreading boughs—the opossum's home—
The kangaroo and stately emu roam—
Woodlands that oft the war-cry wild had heard,
Which, like the screaming of some dreaded bird
That floats above, strikes terror to the weak;
Whose echo is the wailing, wild death-shriek!

He sees the time when those primæval trees
Shall pass away, as waving with the breeze,
In golden beauty, harvests rich appear,
To glad with bounty, and with plenty cheer:
He sees, with humble roof, the cottage rise—
Where dwells the peasant who, industrious, plies
With toil the fertile land;—and there, his mate,
The partner of his life, whose heart, elate
With happiness, amid her children dwells;
Hers is the joy, that with affection swells;
'Tis hers to soothe his mind when cares oppress,
And, with her gentleness, his home to bless.
There happy dwell they, while with plenty crowned
The village rises to the view around.
Thus, with her pictures, fancy doth beguile

The dreamy thoughts of him, who prays the while
That not delusive what he sees may prove,
And that the scenes before his mind which move—
Of cities rising into pomp and power—
Of noble buildings, that with dome and tower
Shall stand for ages, and with solemn spell
Recall their ancient majesty, and tell
When first to God temples were high upraised,
And when, with lifted hearts, in hymns was praised
The goodness that did bless:—tell of the time
When first from belfry tower was heard the chime
Of Sabbath bells;—tell of the years gone by,
When Austral's sons with boldness dared defy
All dangers that their onward course withstood,
Until they'd won whate'er was great and good:
Prayed he these things—which were but of the brain—
Might, in reality, live o'er again!

And, as he trustful sees fair learning's seats
Rise in their grandeur, joyfully he greets
The sight, and as an earnest sure, he prays
That these may be; and that in future days
Sages and poets should, within those walls
Be nurtured; and from out those college halls
Men, who in wisdom learned should watchful stand,
And guard with sacred care their native land:
That thence should come poets with souls of fire
Whom genius may, with burning thoughts, inspire
To sing prophetic! Preachers, strong in God,
Who shall declare the truth of Him that trod
This earth; whose faith, through ages long shall live

And, to all nations, the sweet bondage give
Of brother's love!

Such are the thoughts of him,
Across whose brain, in shadowy outline, dim
The future passes; such the fervent prayer
Which for this land, so beautiful, so fair,
He offers up to God! That it may be
For ever glorious, and for ever free!

## SPES BEATA.

[*A Sonnet.*]

OD'S world of beauty, clad in vesture rare,
Adorned with flowers—a garment bright with praise!
How pleasant are thy fields or sunlit ways
Where fitful shadows flit with every air
That sighs 'mid whispering leaves—a very prayer
Breathed from the world's large heart, while answering rays
Bless all the bright, glad earth with balmy days—
A wealth of life and love beyond compare!

And must we bid farewell to sunny hills,
And woodlands hushed to hear the turtle-dove?
Farewell the sun, and surging sea that fills
The mighty orb of earth—farewell itself to love!
One only hope the voice of sorrow stills—
The Christ-born hope that points to worlds above!

## TO DR. LANG.*

[*A Sonnet.*]

THOU hast fought nobly in a noble cause,
With dauntless energy and faith unmoved!
Thou hast thine high reward. Thou art beloved
By hearts of honest men, and their applause
Is thine. More honour man can ne'er bestow
Than this. Let thine heart gladden, for it may:
Thy labours have an end. The seed doth grow
Which thou didst plant upon a gloomy day.
Let patriots, following in the way
Which thou hast led, cherish the rising tree
And may its fruits be peace and charity,
And happiness to all. Fame's brightest ray,
Illustrious Lang, thy guerdon be on earth,
While Heaven shall crown with joy thy Christian worth!

* The Rev. John Dunmore Lang, D.D., an Australian statesman and patriot.

## THE RAIN.

[*A Sonnet.—Thanksgiving Day, 1st March, 1878.*]

HATH God forgotten that the earth is sad?
Doth He not know how feverish and dry
Beneath the burning sun the valleys lie?
Doth He not see the hills that erst were glad,
In radiant verdure beauteously clad,
Now barren, desolate and wildly drear—
Crumbling to dust the grass; the leaves all sear,
Where blooming Spring erewhile her glories had?
Yea, God hath known it all and heard the sigh
Of Nature for the music of the rain,
To bless the mountain slope and fertile plain;
Earth's riven, parchéd lips in anguish cry
Mutely to heavens of brass, yet not in vain—
In sweet compassion tearful showers reply!

## CREATION AND EVOLUTION.

[*A Sonnet.*]

THE Triune God before all time began
With thought sublime and contemplation grand
In vision glorious all Creation planned—
Circled in love as with a rainbow span
And crowned with God's best work, immortal man!
From nothingness, as by a magic wand,
The Universe came forth at His command—
Orb beyond orb—a mighty, boundless plan!

Thus what is seen from what doth not appear *
Was made! God's mighty thought did crystallize
Into earth's solid frame, while bright and clear
Shone forth the glorious sun through azure skies!
Complete within itself each creature stood
Perfect from God's own Hand and "very good"!

* Hebrews xi. 3.

## PARADISE.

[*A Sonnet.*]

UT of the boundless yearning of His Love
God called to light and life His creature, man;
In Eden's bliss his happy hours began,
Where, glory-crowned with blessing from above,
The joy of God's own presence he might prove!
There 'mid earth's loveliest flowers his pathway ran
Till Satan's shadow fell athwart God's plan
And from man's heart the peace of Heaven drove!

Thus sin had lost for man his glorious prize
Had not God's love His Son in mercy sent,
Who on His mission came with love intent
To conquer death by his own sacrifice;
In Him were truth and mercy fully blent
And Christ for man wins back fair Paradise!

## SELECTIONS FROM "AUSTRALIA AND THE WORLD."

[LINES SUGGESTED BY THE INTERCOLONIAL EXHIBITION, SYDNEY.]

HOW glorious is this world which God hath made!
This radiant planet, wondrously inlaid
With wealth of beauty and with many a gem—
A lustrous star in Heaven's bright diadem!
How vast its continents of hill and plain,
How fair its islands on the boundless main;
High as the clouds the snowy peaks arise
And hide their summits in the fleecy skies;
Deep through the gloom of mountain chasms flow
The darkling waters of the stream below;
What various scenes our wondering eyes behold
As Nature's mighty works their power unfold
Before our minds, that with enchanted gaze
Are filled with rapture and o'erwhelmed with praise!

Lo, where the snows eternally prevail,
In polar climes, where stately icebergs sail,
Whose shapes fantastic shine with pallid light,
While bright Auroras gild the Arctic night;
There glaciers stretch their lonely crystal seas,

So waste and drear ; yet not in vain are these :
All are created with a wondrous plan
To work the good and happiness of man !
The piercing cold of icy winds that blow
Across the fields of sempiternal snow
Temper the burning blasts of tropic lands,
Whose dazzling sunlight heats the desert sands ;
Where Iceland's geyser throws its boiling spray,
And frost or fire alternate holds its sway,
There the volcanic flames of Hecla light
With lurid glare the endless fields of white !

How sweet to turn from regions cold and drear
To sunnier lands, where brighter prospects cheer ;
Where flowers, of beauty exquisite and rare,
Unfold their petals to the balmy air !
See where the rivers roll their ceaseless tide
And headlong rush or peaceful onward glide
Through forest wild or field with verdure blest
To find their home on ocean's heaving breast !
Hark to Niagara's ever-deepening roar,
Or see the ruins on Nile's ancient shore ;
And think how time has passed with silent tread
And left behind the cities of the dead !
Lo, where the flood of Mississippi laves
Its fruitful banks, or Ganges' sacred waves
By India's costly temples peaceful flow
To yield the blessings which their streams bestow !
Where the vast Andes raise their lofty domes
And darksome forests hide the beast that roams ;
Or Himalaya's heights imperial tower

And seem to glory in their sense of power,
There Everest, crowning peak of all the earth,
Whose summit seems from heaven to have its birth,
'Mid snows eternal rears its misty head,
Where foot of traveller vainly seeks to tread !

Such scenes majestic fill the soul with dread
And reverent love to Him who hath outspread
With providential care and gracious hand
Each glorious range of lake or mountain grand !

How beautiful are Europe's valleys, clad
With all that makes the smiling landscape glad :
The waving harvest and luxuriant vine
Which yield their wealthy stores of corn or wine.
How rich the orange groves of laden trees,
With golden fruit, like famed Hesperides' !
All lovely rest the lakes of Switzerland,
Whose gleaming waters kiss their silvery sand !
So calmly Naples Bay in beauty lies,
And mirrors Italy's unrivalled skies !

Behold where great Columbus found a world
And saw the ample treasures there unfurled ;
What myriad flowers of every brilliant hue
Adorned the prairies widening to the view ;
While vast primæval forests, wildly grand,
With tropic vegetation clothed the land,
Where God had destined that erewhile should be
The happy homes of peace and industry !

So too in Afric's land of mystic lore,
Where trackless deserts stretch from shore to shore,
Or bright oases cheer the wanderer's breast
And bid his weary footsteps find a rest,
There broad plateaux, begirt with mountain walls,
And Lake Ngami or Zambesi's falls,
Awake the thought of Livingstone, whose name
Is linked with these in ever-brightening fame:
In that "dark continent" lies wealth concealed
Which yet to man its benison shall yield!

And who shall tell the beauty of the isles
Around whose shores the sparkling wavelet smiles,
Where plant-like corals branching from below
Through azure waters to the sunlight grow!
Where luscious fruits the bending branches lade,
And graceful palms afford their welcome shade!

And thou, dear England, whence we claim our birth,
The best, the noblest kingdom upon earth,
The land of freedom and the home of worth!
And Scotia, thou, with highland loch and burn,
With mountain heath and glen of tangled fern;
Few classic scenes can with Edina fair,
Or banks and braes o' bonnie Doon compare!
Loved Erin, too, where emerald fields abound,
And ancient seats of learning, ivy-crowned,
Still rest beside those lakes whose placid bays
Reflect their shores in beauty passing praise!

From other climes to Britain as we turn
Our yearning hearts with fond affection burn.
What recollections grand of bygone days,
Of statesmen, heroes, patriots, crowned with praise;
What glorious conquests gained by land and sea,
For hearth and home, for life and liberty!
O'er every hill and valley seems to rest
A gentle grace, a charm by memory blest:
The village spire, the woodland's calm retreat,
The rural lane between the hedgerows sweet;
The mighty cities, with their store of art;
The crowded streets and hum of busy mart!

Thus with admiring gaze our eye hath scanned
The wondrous scenes of many a distant land.
But, oh, within our breast what thoughts arise
As we behold these bright Australian skies,
Whose radiant beauty seems from heaven to smile
With richest blessings on this happy isle!
Our grateful hearts with fond emotion swell
Towards this favoured land we love so well!

See where the beetling cliffs majestic stand,
As they would guard from foes the echoing strand,
Where foaming billows roll with sullen roar,
And dash in broken ranks along the shore!
Or see where rippling sunlight laughing plays
Along its silvery path of dancing rays,
Where inlets nestle mid the sylvan hills,
Whose broken silence with the music thrills
Of bright-winged songsters flashing in the sheen,

That glints with ray serene the leaves between,
Or tints the rainbow wings with gold and green!

* * * * * *

Welcome, the white-sailed ships from other seas,
That swiftly wing their way with favouring breeze!
Before whose prows the willing water curls
In playful spray, then scatters into pearls:
They glide by wooded heights where mansions rear
Their stately forms, or humbler homes appear;
While in the distance see the city tower,
In all its princely wealth and rising power.
As round its shore the fleets of nations ride
At peaceful anchor on the tranquil tide!

Nor is it less delightful to the view
To see the mountain range of distant blue,
Behind whose rocky barriers extend
The boundless pastures, where the rivers wend
Their winding way by grassy hill and plain,
Until their gleaming currents join the main!
Where Riverina's far horizons merge
Their confines, rounding like the ocean's verge,
And melt, with mystic faintness, into air,
Home of the myriad flocks—how beautiful and fair!

Behold what landscapes lend their varied charm,
Of forests breathing aromatic balm,
Where sunshine glints 'mid eucalyptic shade
To touch with living light the dewy glade!
What vast domains for future empire spread

Where Burke and Wills or Leichhardt bravely led!
There nations yet unborn shall find their homes
Where now the emu unmolested roams.
Fair land of snowy fleece and golden mine,
May peace and sure prosperity be thine!
The early struggles of thine infant years
Foretell how great thy destiny appears!

* * * * *

Such is the land which God to us hath given,
Enriched with fertile fields and showers from Heaven,
With golden treasures from the wealthy mine
And every gift of Providence divine!
"The earth with all its fulness is the Lord's,"
And all the earth to man its wealth affords!
Nor is man left without the power and will
To mould these various gifts with wondrous skill:
To build the mighty ship that rides with ease
Upon the surging pathway of the seas;
To smooth the road where mountain passes lead
And forests echo to the engine's speed;
Or woven bands, beneath the ocean spray,
From shore to shore in depths unfathomed lay,
Uniting all the world in kindlier ties
Of common hopes and mutual sympathies;
While nerve-like thrill with thought electric wires
As erst with tidings flashed the beacon fires!
To man the power is given with piercing eye
To search the star-depths of the midnight sky,
Or with the wondrous spectroscope to learn
The elements in other worlds that burn:

To know the magic power of Nature's laws;
To note events and chronicle their cause;
To catch the beams of light that round us play
And picture fairest scenes with faultless ray,
Or with their perfect truthfulness to trace
The gentle smile which lights the well-known face!
Nor have the people of this far-off land
Unmindful been to toil with brain and hand
To use those gifts which Nature spread around,
And see with large success their labours crowned!

So thus, with grateful pride, we ask the world to come
And see what costly gifts adorn our beauteous home.
Beneath our hills, behold, in reefs of wealth untold,
The quartz so purely white, inwrought with veins of gold;
While o'er their pebbly beds the rivers sparkle down,
Whose waters wash the gems that might adorn a crown!

* * * * * *

Bright with Australian gems,
That grace each silken fold,
And wearing on her brow
A coronet of gold,
The youngest, fairest land, the daughter of the sea,
Australia stands, with outstretched hands,
All beautiful in light,
And with sweet words, like song of birds,
Doth lovingly invite

All Nations of the Earth to come
And in her joy unite!

"Come from the North, the South, and West;
Come from the East, and bring your best,
Your choicest offerings here, and place
Within this Palace reared to grace
This festive scene, this 'golden prime,'
This era bright with hopes sublime!"

"We come, we come from every clime,
Responsive to the notes which chime
In dulcet unison and rhyme
With the songs of the nations that never cease,
As they chant in faith and their hopes increase
Of the halcyon days of perfect peace,
Which yet shall dawn with their gentle light,
Dispersing the darkness of error's night!
As an omen sure of that peace to be
We come to a land that is great and free;
We come to a land where peace doth reign
And human blood hath not left its stain
On the fair white sands by the peaceful main!
We come to a land that is blest of God;
By the crimson steps of war untrod!
Fit place is this for a noble fane,
Where peace may be honoured, and not in vain;
For men shall meet for a common good
Which shall bind them together in brotherhood!"

* * * * * *

And Science, handmaid of Religion, thou
Priestess of Nature's Temple, whose fair brow
And pensive mien denote thy peerless worth,
Be present where are garnered from the earth
All treasures that may benefit mankind,
Supply his need or satisfy his mind :
Come with thy stores of knowledge to our aid,
And here may learning's value be displayed :
Facts from the realm of ocean, air, or land,
All gentle Nature's influences bland ;
What subtle powers affinity doth sway,
What marvels modern alchemy obey.
Tell us the story of earth's infant age,
With hieroglyphics writ on rocky page :
Recount the wonders of the starry sky
And all creation's vast variety !
Thou, too, with modest garb, industrious Art,
Sister of Science, bear thy noble part ;
This Palace is for thee ! a storehouse grand
Which thou shall fill with labours of thine hand !
A thousand works of every form and use,
All things that skill from nature can produce ;
Wondrous designs in ivory and gold,
Silver and bronze, delightful to behold ;
Engines of iron, fashioned by the mould,
Of mighty power and uses manifold !
All implements wherewith to till the land,
To drive the loom and save the toil of hand ;
Textures of woven wool or fibre light,
And shapes fantastic wrought in crystal bright,
Whose fairy fashion wins the charmèd eye.

While pine or cedar from the forest vie
To yield man comfort or increase his ease,
In every form that may with beauty please!

* * * * *

Nor may those finer Arts, the Graces three,
Of Sculpture, Painting, Music, absent be;
Welcome, their many works that please the taste!
The form of beauty exquisitely chaste,
The perfect symmetry of manly grace,
The sweet perfection of fair woman's face!
Touched by the hand of Genius, whose fire
Shines with the light which burning thoughts inspire,
What magic scenes enthral the wondering gaze
Of living landscapes, or the golden haze
That rests on ocean lit by morning's rays!
Painting, thou art a fervent homage given
To all the lovely handiwork of Heaven;
The silent adoration humbly paid
To Nature's works, and on her altar laid!

Music, seraphic spirit, by whose strains
Of full-souled melody or sweet refrains
Are uttered all emotions of the breast,
In language, though unsyllabled, exprest!
In softest harmony thy measures flow
Inspired with raptures that ecstatic glow
When silent reveries entrance the mind!
Beneath the dome thy rolling glories peal,
Or down the nave in gentle cadence steal,
While thousand voices swell in sweet accord,

To chant the praise of that all-giving Lord
Whose bounteous hand bestows our every joy,
In peace and happiness without alloy!

"Of every clime and tongue beneath the sun
We worship Thee, the Triune God, as One;
Ourselves and all we have from Thee proceed,
Whose kindly providence supplies our need:
To Thee, for all these gifts we gladly raise
Our heartfelt song of universal praise
And supplicate Thy blessing on this land
That, honouring Thee, its future may be grand!"

Thus while the sounds of music blend with song
And touch the chords which thrill the mighty throng,
So kindred sympathies vibrating run
From heart to heart and blend mankind in one!
What noble visions rise before the mind
Of future happiness to all our kind,
When men shall learn the kindlier arts of peace,
When hate shall die and war forever cease!
Thus may the intercourse of nations prove
A bond of mutual confidence and love!
And may fair Commerce unrestricted be;
No unwise law to curb her liberty:
May she unfettered plough the surging tide,
And her rich argosies which proudly ride
Upon the billow's breast be Freedom's pride;
Yea, as the waves that bear her ships at sea,
Or as the wafting winds, may she be free!

* * * * *

Then let the flags of all the nations wave
Upon the breeze, a pageant bright and brave!
Against the sunlit beauty of the sky,
From lofty dome and minaret on high,
Of every hue, the brilliant emblems gleam,
And in resplendent colours gaily stream;
While none with loyal hearts we prouder see
Than England's flag, the Standard of the Free!

* * * * *

In this high hour of pride and jubilee,
Our Queen beloved shall not forgotten be!
She whose true heart in sympathy profound
With all her subjects, though unseen, is bound,
Knows that our loyalty is all her own,
Though half a world divides us from her throne!
Nor can the memory of him, "the Good,"
The gracious Prince, whom she in widowhood
Perpetual mourns, be absent from our mind;
'Twas he who first the noble plan designed,
With thought far-reaching through the distant time,
That, thus assembling from each distant clime,
Men with their gifts should come from distant lands
With lasting love to grasp each other's hands!

# CŒLESTIA;

OR,

## THOUGHTS ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

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*Ἐξ αὐτοῦ καὶ δι' αὐτοῦ καὶ εἰς αὐτὸν τὰ πάντα.*
*αὐτῷ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. ἀμήν.*

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GREAT Spirit, robed in light eternal, Thou
Before whose awful throne in worship bow
Angelic hosts that fill the empyrean height,
All bending low before Thy presence bright,
While men of every kindred, tongue, and race
Beneath the sun, redeemed by sovereign grace,
Their homage humbly offer at Thy feet.
Winged by Thy breath, O Holy Paraclete,
Who with the Father and Eternal Son
Art in co-equal glory ever One!
Spirit divine, by whose all-potent aid
The deep foundations of the earth were laid,
Thou who didst o'er the dark chaotic flood,
Soothing its troubled billows, softly brood;
Or who didst holy men of old inspire
To write Thy Word, or speak with tongue of fire;
Not as to these, irreverent, would we ask
That Thou shouldst grant Thy blessing on our task;

To them such inspiration Thou didst give
As bade Thine Oracles forever live :
Yet, at Thy footstool bending, would we pray
That Thou mayest guide our thought in wisdom's way :
Freed by Thy truth from error's baneful yoke,
Thy glories would we sing whose aid we thus invoke

Almighty Father, universal Lord,
By all Thy works unceasingly adored ;
Perfect in all Thy ways, Thy name is Love,
Who fillest all things from Thy throne above ;
Within the glory of Shechinal light
Thou art encircled with such radiance bright
That man all vainly seeks to penetrate
The regal splendour of Thine high estate !
As we behold with wondering gaze this world,
Which lies before our vision wide unfurled,
With all its scenes of beauty manifold ;
Its rolling oceans and its headlands bold ;
Its snow-capped mountains, or its boundless seas ;
Its myriad forests of a myriad trees ;
Its arctic regions bound in icy cold,
Or genial climes with fields of waving gold ;
While every spot of earth, or ocean wave,
And every mountain stream whose waters lave
Their sparkling sands or sedgy banks, are rife
With endless forms of all rejoicing life :
Were this one world the sum that Thou hadst made,
Then all too vast the wisdom there displayed—
Too great the power that hath such wonders wrought—
For us to comprehend with our poor thought !

What marvellous design appears in all
Thy wondrous works however vast or small!
Thy creatures so minute that human sight
Can scarce discern their beauty exquisite,
With perfect organism are supplied,
And sport in joyous life beneath the tide;
With what unrivalled strength, yet graceful form,
The eagle's pinion bears him through the storm;
And with what beauty birds, of every wing,
Are fitly robed, amid the flowers to sing,
Or nestle fearless on the wave whose spray
With foaming crest pursues its onward way:
And, lo, what monsters cleave the mighty deep
Or in its coral caverns idly sleep,
While mid the sea-weed, swaying with the sea,
What countless beings, in enjoyment free,
Float in translucent wave or hidden dwell
Within the tinted beauty of the shell!
In myriad forms of life and beauty rare,
Of endless type and exquisitely fair,
Bright in the morning's kiss of sunlit dew,
Of every lovely shape and sweetest hue:
The earth, the sea, and circumambient air,
Are filled with joyous life beyond compare;
But these must draw their sustenance alone
From subtle alkali and crumbling stone,
Or elements ethereal wafting round
The earth's vast orb, which in the air abound
Therefore hath God ordained the herb to grow:
Deriving essence from the soil below
And breathing through its leaf the air above

Each branch is thus an emblem of that Love
Which hath for all His creatures wisely planned
Supply for every need with bounteous hand!
How wise and good that constant interchange
Which ever has its place throughout the range
Of all the universe, wherein we see
No molecule or atom e'er can be
Destroyed, since throughout all her vast domain
Nature with sure stability doth reign.
Thus the whole sum of matter and of force
Remains for ever changeless, since the Source
Whence they proceeded wisely hath ordained
That they within fixed limit be restrained:
No smallest particle can ever die;
It may transform itself, and so supply
Some place in Nature and some office fill
In full accordance with the Maker's will:
Nothing is wasted, howsoe'er minute,
But every part of flower, or leaf, or fruit,
Or of the rock that crumbles round the root,
Through endless forms shall live forever more:
No drop of ocean wave upon the shore,
No broken shell, or smallest grain of sand
That glistening sparkles on the shining strand,
Shall ever pass to nothingness, but still,
In other forms, shall all its end fulfil:
The breath which man exhales, to him were death,
But to the waving plant is living breath,
While every leaf a virtue yields in turn
Which bids the flame of life within us burn: (1)
The fading rose to earth and air once more

Her fragrance and her beauty must restore :
Thus Nature does her balance true preserve,
From which no force compels her e'er to swerve ;
And we behold in all her wondrous plan
No link is wanting for the good of man.
The vegetation of the land or sea
Is needful in that vast economy,
Whose glorious unity of purpose shows
That from one Mind all things created rose !
Nor needed it, so far as man may know,
That Heaven should aught of loveliness bestow
Upon the endless forms of leaf and flower ;
Yet hath He clothed them all with beauty's dower :
The humblest petal 'mid the moss that bends
Its lowly head, some sweet enchantment lends,
Where the soft fronds of drooping fern embower
The bright cascade in noontide's sunny hour ;
Here flowers of purest beauty seem ablaze
With living glory, kindled by the rays
Which paint with loveliness, where streamlets flow,
Their colours blending in a molten glow !
And here sweet odours, in "sweet budded ways,"
Are childhood's earliest charm, in those fond days
Round which the holiest recollection plays !
What gave the seed its vital force, or hid
The germ beneath the eucalyptus' lid ?
What gave it wings upon the air to soar,
Or made the living band that casts the spore ? (2)
Who bade the seedling downward strike its root
Or taught the boughs to bend with luscious fruit ?
Ah, surely it could never be that Chance

Should bring these things to pass with slow advance!
And e'en though Evolution's guess were true—
That lower forms of life produce the new
And higher types of being—yet 'twere wrought
Through all its plan by one controlling thought,
Which energized with mighty force behind
Creation's veil, not purposeless or blind!
Nay, would not all such marvel but enhance
His glories and our utmost thought entrance
With adoration as o'erwhelmed with praise
On all His works in reverence deep we gaze.

A vapour, floating in the realms of blue
Ethereal, and having scarce a hue
Or trace of substance, such as on the face
Of heaven's cerulean vault the zephyrs chase
Until they disappear—so light and rare
The summer cloud that vanishes in air—
Such, it is said, was once this solid earth,
With all its rocky frame, before its birth
Was heralded by songs of loud acclaim
From angel lips, as first they sang its name;
While with sweet music of celestial mirth
Wherein they told its beauty and its worth,
Loud anthems, which the Sons of Morning sang,
Through all the corridors of Heaven rang!

And were this solid globe erewhile a seething ball
Round which dark vapours hung—a gloomy pall—
Yea, were this mighty world of land and sea,
In æons past, as those faint nebulæ,

Which seem created, with their light, to grace
The darkest regions of nocturnal space—
E'en then, in that rare vapour's faintest fold,
The embryos dwelt which held the wealth untold
Of plants, of animals, of land and sea,
And all that wakes creation's minstrelsy!
Were it then so, how wonderful that Force
Which brought the mighty world from such a source;
Which bade, from such a germ, the Alps to tower—
From such a seed, the universe to flower!
Thus, through immeasurable ages kept,
The protoplastic germs of life have slept,
Or, 'mid convulsions terrible and vast,
Buried in boiling depths, or, by the blast
Of furious storm o'er deserts wildly hurled,
Yet have they lived to form this lovely world!
Were such creation's truest history,
'Twould but enhance the wondrous mystery
Of that great Power, which could alone ordain
The future blessings which for us remain.
In the ripe fulness of our day we see
From chaos come God's perfect harmony!
In sequence sure, fulfilling every need,
Behold the seasons each in course succeed;
Nor could these changes have their destined place,
Did not the earth, through all her path in space
Around the sun, through ages persevere,
Returning on her journey year by year,
With axis poised exactly to the plane
Of her own orbit; else were all in vain

Creation's work, since nought could long endure
Were not these changes of the season sure!

The angry blasts of wintry storm and rain
That lash with fury all the foaming main;
That course through forests, or sweep o'er the land,
Are but the links in Nature wisely planned,
Whereby the earth may nourish golden grain,
Which else in icy death would still remain,
Did not the springtide's genial warmth return,
And bid the fruitful earth with verdure burn!
Then all the woods with joyous music ring,
As feathered choristers their gladness sing;
And life, renewed, breaks forth in songs of love,
Which thrill ecstatic to the Throne above!
And all this mighty plan, this vast design,
So wisely ordered by a Hand divine,
In discord wild would end, and anarchy,
If but its smallest portion ceased to be!
All else, though perfect, yet would be in vain
Did not the Almighty prescience ordain
That weightier vapours, though beneath, should blend
With lighter ones which must in turn descend
And, mingling thus, an atmosphere produce
In just proportion to its every use; (3)
Else could no plant or creature longer live
Did not the air its healthful virtue give!
Thus o'er the earth a myriad truths conspire
To prove the unison of that desire
Whose aim is happiness, whose end is love,
Whose perfect wisdom hath its home above!

The gladness of the sunlight on the wave
Is but the smile of God, whose goodness gave
The joy which echoes through the vocal grove
In songs of praise to Him whose name is Love!
But not from this terrestrial sphere alone
The awful majesty of God is known;
What though stupendous in its vast extent
Of boundless sea and endless continent;
When to the heavens we lift our wondering gaze
Our souls are filled with visions that amaze
Our utmost thought, as worlds on worlds expand
Throughout all space, unutterably grand!

Imperial orb, beneath whose burning sway
Blossom sweet blooms around the throne of day;
Thou regal sun, in splendid glory drest,
By whom thy Maker's brightness is expressed,
Thou art fit type of that Eternal Light
With whom there is no darkness and no night!
Though all unconscious, thou hast yet received
The worship countless votaries, deceived,
Have given thee, who thus have blindly wronged
Him unto whom the praise alone belonged!
In thee have they beheld the boundless source
Of every form of life or subtle force;
For in thy power of light and radiant heat
Is found the origin of all things sweet;
And thus, with prostrate form, the devotee
Yields reverent homage, glorious sun, to thee!
The Parsee bends devout before thy shrine
And fondly dreams that power alone is thine!

Thou art the almoner of God, who made
Thee as His servant, and who thus displayed
His gracious will in bounty to bestow
The countless gifts which from thy presence flow ;
And thus thy ponderous mass attracts, controls,
And blesses every world that round thee rolls !
More than a millionfold this earth in size,
Thou rulest all the planets, which, through skies
Of midnight, shine resplendent with the rays
Which they reflect from their far distant days !

"Spirit, what art thou ? With a wondrous calm
Thou seem'st to guard my soul from every harm,
Which I might dread, at thy strange presence here !"

"Come with me through all space, and banish fear,
That thou may'st see the mighty works of God,
In distant spheres, by human foot untrod !"

On—on—forever on, through fields of space,
On waves of light, through ether, to the face
Of the great sun we journey, without stay—
Whole years of earth to us an endless day,
Yet nothing nearer !
Now at length it grows,
In awful size and in fierce brightness glows.
"How might I gaze ?"
"A charm hath touched thy sight,
And thou may'st look upon the dazzling light !"

The heaven itself is flame from end to end ;
Far as a seraph's vision may extend,

A myriad leagues of fiery vapour fold
The hidden mass, whose powers ever hold
The far-off worlds upon their lonely course,
And guide them, all obedient to its force.
Immeasurable blasts of lambent light,
That rush in wildest glory to the height;
Tempests and storms of flame that never tire,
But rage incessantly, as with desire
To spend their strength and cease in fiery death!
Compared with such, but as a zephyr's breath
The fierce Sirocco's whirlwind, which doth tear
The forests from their roots, and madly bear
The ruin through the air and troubled sky;
The hurricane to these—an infant's sigh;
And dread tornadoes are as zephyrs soft,
Which o'er the flowers at evening gently waft—
So fearful is the wild commotion there,
Where all things are to us so calm and fair!

Sun-spots may seem as blemishes, which mar
The sun's fair glory—earth's peculiar star—
But all God's works are perfect in their plan
And have no fault; His tender mercies span
The universe, as with a rainbow's arc,
Which shines in beauty through the tempest dark!
Lo, from those dread abysmal depths that gape
Through shifting strata of bright cloud, escape
In wild career the blasts of burning air
That rush impetuous forth with lurid flare.
Through those wide rents a world might speed unseen
Nor were it known that it had ever been—

So small its loss—if from the Sun's vast mass
It could break forth and through the sun-spots pass
Into the wide expanse, and cease to be!
Throughout all Nature man may surely see
Nothing exists unless there be a need—
A hidden purpose, which we may not read
In all its fulness now, while here below,
But which we may hereafter fully know!

Now, from this centre of God's work of love
Gaze we upon the expanse beneath, above;
Throughout the vast domain of wandering stars
That move around our Sun, as Jupiter, and Mars,
Great Saturn, with his rings of circling light—
A ceaseless glory of the silent night;
Neptune and Uranus far off appear,
Slowly accomplishing their destined year;
Venus and Mercury, more lovely, shine,
Touched with the beauty of a Hand divine!
The horologe of Heaven, whose forces give
Stability, that seems to make it live,
Is like a being with a burning heart,
Whence flow the rays of life to every part;
And though its orbs may swerve and oscillate,
Yet mighty powers all subtly operate
To bring them to their wonted path again,
And hold them as with adamantine chain!

Forth from the sun, with speed excelling light,
Once more through space we take ethereal flight
To those far regions of the starry host

Where worlds to man's unaided sight are lost:
A myriad myriad miles! and yet we stray
Scarce on the confines of the Milky Way!
Wondrous, mysterious planet, all unknown,
Unseen as such, unnoticed, until shown
To have existence, when, by magic thought,
Thy hidden mass at length to light was brought!
Adams, Le Verrier, to each is due
The praise of bringing Neptune to our view.
Why moves great Uranus beyond his course,
Unless there be in heaven some unknown force—
Some mighty orb, more distant which revolves?
Neptune appears! and thus the problem solves.
More than a hundredfold in size than earth,
Majestic, onward moving since the birth
Of Him who brought us grace, hath this far sphere
Not yet twelve times fulfilled his destined year!

Here let our feet, at length, in rapture rest,
On this resplendent planet's tranquil breast;
And since we cannot fully know or deem
What there exists, let fancy fondly dream!
Oh, what sweet continents of calm repose;
No burning deserts nor eternal snows;
For here perennial peace in beauty reigns
O'er sleeping slopes and undulating plains;
No troublous torrent to an ocean flows
Of storm-tost billows, or tempestuous throes!
The gentle twilight of a noonday star
Is all the glory streaming from afar
Which rests upon this orb with tempered beams;

Since scarcely more intense than Sirius seems
Our glorious sun, so distant are the rays
Which with their light illumine Neptune's days:
Fair are the flowers, for flowers are surely there
Where all is calm and so supremely fair;
Their colours are the sweetest, and so soft
That looking at them, in their beauty, oft
They seem to fade before the ravished sight,
And melt away like visions of delight!
The faintest violet, and hues we love,
Soft in the light which beautifies the grove;
Shades of sweet green, and blue, and tender tints
Of rose-like beauty, where some petal glints
Upon the velvet sward, or in some nook
Where fern leaves bend to kiss the purling brook:
These are undying flowers where one may trace
The full perfection of ideal grace;
Colour and form harmoniously blend,
And in the silvery light together lend
A beauty tremulous to such fair scene,
As erst in Paradise alone hath been:
No troubled sea is there ('tis but a dream!),
Yet here and there doth flow a shining stream
To some calm lake, whereon the glories light
Of golden stars, that beautify the night
As with a lustrous glory clear and fair
They shine in brilliance through the balmy air,
Peace, like a perfect poem, overflows
The heart and soul and mind with full repose;
A waking dream—a dream of calm delight
That lasts the livelong day and star-lit night;

No weariness is here, no pain, no care,
Nor any want that wakes a troubled prayer;
But fullest gratitude, without alloy,
Brings sweet communion and perfect joy,
In which to read God's thought, which interweaves
Itself amid the streams, and flowers, and leaves,
Or writes upon the firmament above,
In star-gemmed letters, all its name of Love!
But hark, those melodies of distant song
O'er flowery plains so lightly borne along,
As on the sea of silence softly floats
Some zephyr, laden as with liquid notes,
A costly argosy, whose freight of gold
A burden sweet of music manifold:
What is the melody whose soothing strains
With magic spell our listening soul enchains!
These are the hymns of happiness and praise
Unfallen spirits in their joy upraise
To Him who gave that benison of peace
Which knows no limit and shall never cease!
Beings of lofty thought, whose joys refined—
Ecstatic reveries and love combined!
Gifted with forms of most ethereal grace
With which they waft at will from place to place;
Dowered with blessing of perpetual youth,
Theirs the enchanting love of Nature's truth,
Which they pursue with such untiring zeal
As mortals in their weakness may not feel.
Such are the denizens perchance that dwell
In worlds of glory which no tongue can tell:
And doth not reason teach that there may be,

Judging from Nature's true analogy,
Existences inhabiting those spheres
Compared with which this earth of ours appears
But as a grain of dust—a speck—a mote—
Of which a myriad in a sunbeam float.
He who hath peopled every spot of earth,
Ocean, and air with countless forms of birth,
With teeming life in every unseen place,
Would not have left the boundless realms of space
Untenanted, but hath created all
Those orbs sublime, however great or small,
To be the homes of beings He hath made,
Of endless form, and ever varying grade—
From creatures of mere instinct, rising higher
To those bright intellects that form the choir
Angelic which surrounds the burning throne
Of Him for whom all things exist alone!

From Neptune let us wing our distant flight
To other orbs that shine with dazzling light
As jewels in the diadem of night.
Lo, where vast Jupiter holds regal state,
With his four satellites that proudly wait
Upon his course, and, with their presence fair,
Enhance the glory which in turn they share.
Dark cloud-belts circle round the planet's girth,
A globe in size twelve hundredfold the earth,
While yet a thousand times the sun exceeds
This mighty mass which round him swiftly speeds!
Thence to great Saturn, with the shining rings,
We fly through space on more than lightning wings;

Second alone to Jupiter in size
This glorious orb hath shone to wondering eyes,
Of mystic shape and splendour all its own—
The Star-god Rephan—Nemesis Phainōn;
Girt, as with iris bright, the planet beams,
And like the eagle eye of Nisroch gleams!
Rest we awhile on Saturn's sphere, and gaze
Upon the circling halo which, ablaze
Sends forth its beams of meteoric light
Through all the heavens, a splendour of the night,
A vestibule superb to that high dome
Where spirits blest may haply find a home
In mansions bright—the realms of heavenly peace
Where purest joys abound and ne'er shall cease!

Forth let us take our way again to realms
Of distant space, whose wonder overwhelms
The fainting mind, that sinks beneath the weight
Of glory so immeasurably great!
And, as we hasten on, behold what flights
Of beauteous asteroids and aerolites
Upon elliptic orbits, round the sun,
In pathways luminous, their journey run;
Lo, now a silvery cloud (perchance a world,
In embryo state, upon its passage hurled)
Goes floating slowly through empyrean space,
Or rushes on terrific in its race!
So comets yield to gravitation's force,
As near the sun or more remote their course.
Mysterious visitants! how often man
Has trembled your unwonted form to scan.

All the unknown most marvellous appears
And fills the trembling breast with needless fears;
Thus, as through heaven your streaming light was shed,
Man's heart was filled with superstitious dread:
He deemed that in your phantom light he saw
The fearful portent of impending war—
Some demon fierce, that, breathing fiery breath,
Brought earthquake, famine, pestilence, or death:
And yet, how wondrously is all ordained
That e'en th' erratic comet is restrained;—
And thus no vast disaster may befall
Where perfect love in wisdom governs all!
As truth and knowledge spread, with large increase,
The gloomy night of ignorance shall cease;
Science is yet a morning star whose ray
Is as the harbinger of brighter day,
Wherein men, understanding Nature's laws,
Shall have a perfect faith in that First Cause
Who hath done all things well, and shall fulfil
The grand designs of His omniscient will!

And now the sun and all his planets fade
In far receding depth of distant shade,
While glowing spheres, increasing in their light,
With varied colours burst upon the sight!
A myriad orbs a myriad suns surround
And with their glories fill the space profound;
The Milky Way, so soft with starry light,
Is but the portal of the infinite.
Systems on systems, worlds on worlds extend,
Without beginning and without an end:

Yea, when we reach the bound which seraphs see
New star-depths open through infinity:
Above, beneath, the universe around,
On, on forever through the vast profound,
There is no end to space! On every hand
It doth extend, and constellations grand
In all their bright magnificence expand!
Through endless ages seraphs take their flight
'Mid constellations hid from human sight!

When man the Godhead fully seeks to find,
Wonders unutterable lie behind
The visible, which as a splendid screen
Still hides some greater glory yet unseen!
Are all things God? Is Pantheism true?
Is God revealed alone in what we view?
This may, indeed, the glorious vesture be
Wherewith He robes Himself, and grants that we
Through such bright garment somewhat may behold
Of those vast attributes it doth unfold!
Robes are not He who wears them, nor can they
Fully express the Will which they convey:
God is a Spirit, God is Light and Love,
So not material, but far above
The ever-changing things of sense and time
He dwells apart, ineffable, sublime!
Apart, yet not apart; for still He deigns
His presence to vouchsafe where'er He reigns:
Nothing is great to Him, and nothing small,
Since He with equal care provides for all;
The universe is under His control;—

The all-pervading, all-embracing Soul,
In Whom we live, and move, and ever have
That being which our great Creator gave!
All things are in His sight who, from His throne,
Beholds the fair creation, His alone!
Harder a thousand times it were to deem
That all things are not, as they surely seem,
The work of one Great Spirit, whose vast power
From chaos bade such perfect order flower,
But that the universe arose from nought,
Without the aid of wisdom, will, and thought;
That nothing was and out of nothing sprang
Anthems of praise from orbs which idly sang
Creation's hymn!—harder it were, indeed,
Thus to believe than hold the Christian's creed!
He that hath formed the eye shall He not see?
He that did plant the wondrous ear, shall He
Not hear the sounds that fill with golden song
Majestic planets as they move along?
Shall He not see their beauty and rejoice
What time He hears the sweetness of their voice?
How shall the rustling leaves or falling rain
Convey their music to the listening brain?
Or, dearer far, the sounds of human speech,
With loving words and fond emotion, reach
The heart, when cares with sore distress annoy,
To soothe its sorrow and restore its joy?
What but God's power could cause the trembling air
On its vibrating pinions, light and fair,
The miracle of thought unseen to bear
From mind to mind, from beating heart to heart,

Which else in silence dark had dwelt apart !
What but a great Creator's mighty will
Could cause the waves of light all space to fill,
On which are borne the images of all
Those lovely scenes of earth, which we recall
To memory, whose magic paints anew
The landscape fair which erewhile charmed the view !
This were enough to show a Maker's mind,
By which the sense of sight could be designed.
Unto the mind He taught the living ray
Beauty of form and colour to convey ;
And thus the light of love we blissful see
And prove the joy that flows from sympathy.
Reason and truth in full accord combine
To show the presence of a thought divine,
And if a thought, a mind must also be,
The mind of Him who fills immensity !
Nothing from nothing can itself spring forth,
And hence all reason shows the glorious worth
Of that first Power by which it was decreed
That things should spring from their primordial seed.
As in the painter's mind the picture grows
Ere, with its colour bright, the canvas glows ;
Or as the sculptor sees the statue rise
From out the marble that before him lies ;
As in the poet's heart there sweetly sings
The music of his poem ere the strings
Are touched with hand whose trembling pathos brings
The rich vibrating melody, that tells
The burning thought that in his bosom dwells :
So in that Cause from whence all causes come,

The last result had its primæval home,
And in whatever way at length evolved
On all its future it had been resolved.
Laden with germs of endless life untold,
The Father's bosom at the first did hold
The potent seeds whose life with sweet perfume
In myriad forms should reach their perfect bloom.
That which we see in the effect must erst
Have been within the cause from whence it burst,
As petal from the bud ; or, as there sleeps
Within the seed the embryo Nature keeps
With kindly warmth, and then brings forth to light,
A form of beauty, exquisite and bright !
Thus nothing is without a primal cause,
And if evolved, then, through eternal laws.
The grand ideal into life hath grown
From Him to whom the end was fully known
Before all worlds, and this ideal proves
Existence of a thought whose purpose moves
And lives, and thus produces Force,
Which otherwise could never know a source.
Force cannot form a Will : volition may
Produce a force, or cause the force to stay.
Mind above matter, infinitely high,
As above earth the vast expanse of sky,
Utterly different in kind and worth,
Bears the bright stamp of its celestial birth !
Though reason, erring, should declare that man
Can nothing know and vainly seeks to scan,
In search of its Creator, Nature's plan ;—
Though it declare that man alone may know

Material truth, and can no further go,
Yet is not Mind a part of Nature's store?
Then are we bound its secrets to explore:
What was the germ whence evolution brought
The great phenomena of Conscience, Thought,
Imagination, and the endless host
Of mental powers man alone can boast?
Whence God-like Reason, wherewith man uprears
The glorious cities of the countless years—
The splendid monuments of wealth and power—
Or bade the Pyramid and temple tower?
Reason, whereby man searcheth out the stores
Of precious truth, and all the world explores;
Reason, that climbs to heaven's imperial height,
And circumvents the comet in its flight,
Foretells the far-off eclipse without fail,
Or weighs the planet in unerring scale!
But not alone these powers of intellect
Dwelt in the Cause, since found in the effect;
There also is that moral sense which dwells
Within the bosom, which alternate swells
Responsive to the passions as they rise;
Just as the storm which breaks through troubled skies
And wakes the waves upon the surging main,
So love or anger, pity, joy or pain
Alternate stir the heart in which they reign!
These strong emotions, unalloyed with sin,
In God's deep counsels had their origin.
And whence the love of right, the sense of wrong
Which to a moral being must belong?
The power of holy thought and saintly life;

The hate of sin, and that unceasing strife
Which quickened nature holds with all things base;
The mighty striving of redemptive grace,
Potential holiness of thought and will,
The spirit's void which Christ alone can fill!
Whence does the universal need arise
To worship somewhat, whether in the skies,
Or on the earth, or in the boundless sea,
Which man invests with a divinity?
Whence that religious instinct or desire
Which burns within the heart—a hidden fire—
Which crowns some idol with a Godhead's name
Then worships it with sacrificial flame?
That lurid light, which hath through all the night
Of gloomy ages shone from altars bright,
Doth evidence that man must fear some God;
And if there be none, then shall Ichabod
Be written as man's melancholy fate,
And so farewell to all his high estate!
But God doth live! and therefore does the breast
Of man responsive echo God's behest!
The gifts sublime bestowed on mind and heart
Of Nature's realm are an essential part:
Whence have they come, and what their history?
Wherefore created, what their mystery?
Thought has not grown from accident and chance,
Nor is there proof unquestioned of advance
From lower grades of life to those above,
For all are as God made them in His love!
There is a step from class to higher class
Of being, yet no species e'er doth pass

Across the line which separates each kind,
Howe'er minutely each from each defined:
From molecules of dust, however wrought,
Could never flash the lightning of a thought!
Mind has not sprung from atoms which decay;
The soul remains when these have passed away;
Self-consciousness is still the same, though years
Have wrought the change which on the frame appears.
Man, with his mind, can contemplate the whole
Vast universe, and grasp it with his soul:
A thousand truths he may not fully know
Yet he can see how all things ceaseless flow
In perfect order and obedience
From one divine, unseen Intelligence!
Thus in his power of reason man may still
Claim lowly kindred with th' Eternal Will;
Man is in miniature a mirror bright
Reflecting Him whose name itself is Light!
He doth reveal, through glory modified,
The attributes in Godhead which reside;
He manifests, in every moral sense,
The lofty powers which crown intelligence;
And he is then a revelation true
Of Him who thus His creature did endue
With gifts, which are in essence all His own,
By which to man He makes His glories known!

Why should fair Science in her search for truth
Be but a wanderer? As the widowed Ruth
To Naomi of old, so let her say
To Revelation, which would lead the way

To Bethlehem, "Thy God shall be my God;
Thy people shall be mine." With footsteps shod
With peace these two shall journey on the road
Which leads them home at length to Truth's abode.
Science need not be atheistic, since
Her province is to search out and convince
Of all the truths which round her pathway lie.
Why pass beyond her limit, and deny
Because she cannot prove? In this she breaks
The principles which as her own she takes.
Let her be atheous if she will—yet teach
Nothing which she proclaims beyond her reach;
The spirit hath its realms of truth as well
As those of which mere science seeks to tell.

If in the Primal Cause be moral sense,
Thought, and contrivance, we may argue thence
God is a Person, Living, One and True,
Whom with all power these attributes endue;
Of perfect knowledge, infinitely good,
In all the glory of His Fatherhood!
Yes, Fatherhood: and in that name there lies
Solace amid a thousand mysteries.
Is all the world, which seems so wondrous fair,
A scene of perfect peace; or are not there
Conflicting elements, which ever wage
Incessant strife—ambition, lust, and rage?
Lo, where the tigress seizes on her prey
To feed her young—so creatures all obey
Their nature, and by every strange device
Devouring, live by mutual sacrifice.

Yea, how mysterious! but who shall tell
That nature's plan works not in all things well!
That which appears to man as evil may
Be to the good, as night is unto day!
Our vision, circumscribed, imperfect, weak,
Leaves us half finding what we fain would seek.
God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor are His ways
Bounded by our conceptions, or our praise!
For as the heavens are high above the earth
So are His ways and thoughts of higher worth
Than our poor fancy, since we only scan
One finite part of an unbounded plan.
That which seems evil to our tearful eyes,
May be a richest blessing in disguise;
That which we wish is not perhaps a boon,
And its possession we might mourn full soon;
That which gives pain transgresses some decree
Of nature, yet in pain itself we see
The remedy of ill, and therefore bound
By law's dominion pain is ever found.
Yet sin exists; for falsehood, self, and lust,
Are contrary to what is holy, just,
And pure, and therefore contrary to God.
It is so. And for this, with chastening rod,
He visits that which violates His will,
And shows in chastisement His mercy still.
Where there is dazzling light there needs must be
In shadows thrown a deep obscurity:
So, where the light is shed but not received,
Where truth is uttered, but is not believed,

Where there is faculty to choose the right,
The doom of wrong is death's unending night.
If in an agent moral power reside,
The power of doing wrong must be implied ;
For where should Virtue all her glory win
Were it impossible that man should sin ?

Spirit of darkness ! whose malignant mind
Delights in evil, howsoe'er refined,
In fiendish cruelty and hell-born hate,
In all the horrors of thy fallen state :
Thy subtlest art and most seducing wile,
By which thou dost the soul of man beguile,
Makes him imagine thou dost not exist,
And, therefore, that he needeth not resist
Thy power, which seeks by every dark device
To make man choose the downward path of vice,
And disobey Heaven's righteous, pure behest,
Which sheds a blessing in the human breast
When honoured, but which will, insulted, bear
The fruit of hell, the harvest of despair !
Is there who asks in doubt if Satan be ?
Let him behold his own heart's malady—
His evil passions, which usurp a reign
Which man unaided never may restrain.
Behold, where history her bloodstained scroll
Of foulest murder doth with shame unroll !
Man, in his Maker's image made, would ne'er
Have been so vile had Satan laid no snare
To tempt mankind in madness to rebel
Against his God, and feel the pangs of hell—

Those pangs which are the anguish and remorse
Of those who tread destruction's downward course!

Is there who asks in doubt, if God would call
Celestial spirits into life, to fall
From all their glory, and at length to share
The outer darkness of untold despair:
As man within himself knows all his fault
Why should not hosts angelic, who exalt
Their Makers' praise, have spiritual strife
Within their breast—a war of death or life?
Vainly we seek the problem to explore—
The strange mysterious life of yonder shore!

Are there intelligences of a kind,
Other than that which on this earth we find?
Other in kind perhaps not, yet we see
E'en among men a difference in degree;
And reason shows how vain the idle thought
That all the universe was made for nought
But to attend this planet, and to own,
Throughout the mighty depths of space unknown,
Only one creature, Man, by thought endowed,—
Who of such glory might indeed be proud!
Nay, through the boundless realms of space there dwell
The myriad hosts within whose bosom swell
Anthems of praise, with glowing thought alive,
To Him from whom their being they derive!
Wherefore, though sin exist and many an ill,
Trust we God's Fatherhood in all things still!

Untold are all the blessings which abound
Throughout creation, as we gaze around;
Spite of disease and pain, behold what wealth
And great excess of joyous life and health:
These are the proofs which certainly declare
The tender ruling of a Father's care;
These are enough indeed to fill the soul
With perfect faith in God's supreme control;
He hath done all things well, and therefore we
May trust in Him with such simplicity,
As children share, when free from every fear,
Because they know a parent's love is near!
Yea, when the awful agonies of death
Distress the body as its gasps for breath—
When every hope of life is gone, and wet
The anguished brow with clammy drops of sweat—
When the poor spirit sees the very end
Approaching swiftly, and, without a friend
To go with it upon its lonely flight,
It says farewell, as passing into night;
In that dread hour help each, O God, to say—
"I fall into Thy hands and trust alway!"

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Sin, and its offspring death, so dark and drear,
Are terrible to man, with all his fear
Of that which is unknown, or hidden lies
Beyond the bourne of yon far distant skies!
How shall weak man unequally engage
In endless war with all the foes that rage
Against his happiness, and never cease

With strong temptation to destroy his peace?
A bubble on the mighty tide of time,
Which, flowing on, impetuous and sublime,
At length shall plunge in cataract and be
One with the ocean of eternity!
Borne on the bosom of the boiling tide
On to his destiny frail man doth glide;
And as the rushing eddy swiftly whirls
The rainbow tinted beads in sportive curls
Then into nothing all their beauty hurls,
So is poor man the sport of circumstance,
If God has left him in the hands of Chance,
A helpless orphan, and without a hope
To buoy his heart, or strengthen him to cope
With all the sorrows, trials, loneliness,
Which with their weary load his soul oppress!
It cannot be! For He who breathed the soul
Into man's dust ordained a lofty goal
For all those aspirations which expand,
Until they find their home at God's right hand!

Therefore it was a glorious work to call
Man into being, though foreseen his fall;
Yea, God full worthy of His power did deem
That fiat, which has caused the world to teem
With countless millions of the human race,
Which have from age to age passed off the face
Of all the earth, as generations have
Each other followed to the silent grave:—
Just as from year to year the myriad flowers
Fall to the earth, as fall the summer hours;

Or as the mists of morn, like shadowy ghosts
Wafting along the vale in spectral hosts,
Before the light of day in silence rise
And vanish utterly in sunny skies:
Yea, God did thus the human race create,
A mighty brotherhood in all things great:
United by the common tie which binds
One family of kindred hearts and minds;
One through all ages by the potent bond
Of thought, of purpose and of hope beyond
The silent grave, and one in love of kind;
One in the vast achievements of the mind—
The grand inheritance of glorious thought—
Wherewith all nations are together brought
And form one body, whose great beating heart
Sends forth its life-blood into every part!
So are we members each of each, and bear
In all our common destiny a share.
The history of all our race is one,
Which, from a common origin begun,
Grows up from infancy to man's estate,
Borne down with sorrow, or with joy elate;
Thus as a mighty whole His creature man,
Through chequered history works out God's plan.
He who in wisdom doth each want supply,
And feeds the hungry ravens when they cry;
He whose kind providence doth care for all
The creatures of His hand, or great or small—
Could never leave His best, His noblest work
To be the prey of foes which darkly lurk
About his pathway, seeking to destroy

His brightest aims, and rob him of his joy.
Man is creation's crown, and on his head
The light of Heaven is forever shed!
Doth he not struggle against sin and wrong
Since unto God his spirit doth belong?
He needs the principles of right to guide
His course through life; and thus hath God supplied
Those thoughts, ideas, motives, which constrain
The life of him within whose heart they reign?
And truly Heav'n could not deceive, or sport
With human nature by deep instinct taught,
Nor, cruel, palter with man's hope! Because
Man lives a higher life when moral laws
Restrain his passion, hath then Heaven ordained
Men should believe untruth since, so restrained,
Society exists? Hath Nature wrought with lies
And falsehood dark, her holy mysteries?
It cannot be! Eternal is the law
Of right; and thence with certainty we draw
The inference that love of right shall live
Long as that Power which did the edict give!

Morality is based on hopes which reach
Beyond the limit of this life, and teach
That God rewards the virtuous and true,
And gives to every sin its righteous due.
Is this a false belief? and, being so,
Do truth and virtue from a falsehood flow?
The source whence holiness of life doth spring
Would be untruth—that most unhallowed thing—
Did not the Gospel of all Truth ensure

Man's spirit shall through endless time endure !
And if this be not true, then it would be
That faith in truth (oh, strange anomaly !)
Would be the source of falsehood, sin and shame,
And all that brings dishonour on man's name !

Seeing that goodness is man's highest good—
A proof of God's benignant Fatherhood,—
And that his creature, man, God will not leave,
Nor with delusive dreams his hope deceive,
Since He Himself is Truth—how may He prove
To man the fulness of the Father's love ?
How may God make each son of man His son,
And each with each in mystic union one ?

For it were worth the cost to save from death
One !—whose immortal spirit is the breath
Of Heaven itself : 'twere worth the cost to save
One spirit and one body from the grave
Of an eternal death : How much the more
It were like God to care for and restore
To life a myriad host of priceless souls !

Wherefore behold a splendid glory rolls,
Retreating round the Throne in glorious folds
Of cloudlike majesty, whose brightness holds
Within itself the very germ of light :
Disrobing thus Himself of glory quite
Amid the wondering, vast, angelic bands,
Clothed on with sweet humility there stands
The lowly One, prepared to bear the rod ;

For "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God,"
He saith, while the wide vaults of heaven ring
With thrilling joy past all imagining!

The Word become our flesh, in lowly birth,
Emptied of glory, came to dwell on earth!
Yet was that splendid glory still His own
And through the servant's form in radiance shone
With tempered brilliance, just as when the sun,
Descending glorious, hath well nigh run
His course, through mists of earth and golden haze
Appeareth shorn of all his dazzling rays!

Thus do we see Him come, of lowly mean
To dwell awhile upon this transient scene;
And lovelier far this earth, more fair and sweet,
Since hallowed by the touch of His fair feet!

And Christ is God! Man needeth that to love
Which is himself, and yet is far above
Himself: some idol man must evermore
With all the passion of his heart adore,
So carves it for himself of wood, or stone,
Or builds an altar to a God unknown.
Thus were the gods that ruled the ancient mind
Of heathendom but pictures of mankind:
Man's virtues, vices, whatsoe'er they be
Are figured forth—a poet's fantasy:
Thus strength of body, lovely form or face,
In Hercules or Venus may we trace;
And warlike nations worship Mars, who rides

In chariot fierce, and over war presides ;
While to the deities of earth, or heaven,
In strong degree man's attributes are given :
Imperial Jove, with passions human, reigns
From high Olympus o'er the heavenly plains,
Father of gods and men, while Juno moves
A queen whose twofold right her title proves :
Apollo, Mercury, Minerva, Pan,
Show forth in varied light the powers of man,
Which, being deified, at length appear
As gods ; and men, delighting to revere
And worship these, have reared those noble fanes
Whose many-pillared glory still remains ;
Whose ancient splendour sheds a halo round
Where crumbling ruins grace the classic ground !

Thus man doth worship man and oft bestows
On self the homage which he vainly shows.
O Love, how potent is thy power, which sways
The hearts of all, awaking joy, whose praise
No lips can utter and no tongue express ;
For love alone crowns life with happiness !
The mother to her child is drawn with bonds
Of love, to which the infant love responds ;
And all mankind, in various degree,
United each to each by love we see.
Thus loyalty, akin to reverent love,
Binds men to those whom Providence above
Their fellow-men hath placed, or made to rise
And rule the world by counsel strong and wise.
Humanity ! thou magic word, what strong

And sacred thoughts of love to thee belong!
What man is he whose nature is so base
He loves not all his kin, the human race—
A mighty family of various kind
Whom common griefs or joys together bind.
Shall we then worship all mankind, and see
Our highest idol in humanity?
That which we can adore must be indeed
From every taint of imperfection freed:
But man, the unit, or the race, falls far
Beneath the standard of those laws which are
The voice of man's own reason, so no more
Let him Humanity, as God, adore!

But when Humanity and God are One
In Jesus Christ, of God and man the Son:
When we behold our nature deified,
And God with man vouschsafing to reside—
The love of heaven on earth come down to dwell,
The wondrous Christ, the great Emanuel,
Living to die, ascending then above—
As God and man He claims our perfect love!

Christ, in Himself, doth more than realize
The aspirations of the good and wise.
What words can tell the height by man attained,
The splendid triumphs by his reason gained!
Yet all man's thought, and truest guesses rise,
To nought beyond his own peculiar skies.
Christ in His perfect life worked out God's plan,
His grand ideal—archetypal man—

All that God first designed that man should be,
Bless'd with the peace of perfect purity !
This Christ fulfilled in every word and thought,
In every perfect deed He sinless wrought :
Thus He, man's representative, doth stand
Before the throne of God uniquely grand !
He in Himself embodies God's idea
Of perfect manhood—thus the panacea
Of every ill—since He hath quite fulfilled
Man's full perfection as God ever willed ;
And so this righteousness doth God impute
To him who in his bitterness stands mute
Pleading no merit save that spotless dress—
The wedding garment, Christ's own righteousness—
God looketh not on man but on His Christ,
Whose offering on the Cross for sin sufficed !

Emanuel ! of lowly Virgin born,
Upon the first thrice happy Christmas morn !
Thy birth a miracle, surpassing aught
That man's imagination could have thought
Or hoped for : Thou, O Christ, hast reconciled
The world to God, and—harmless, undefiled—
Brought pardon unto man, and mercy mild !
God is a Spirit, and unmeasured dwells
In His beloved Son, who ever tells,
By every word and act, the glorious thought
Which from the throne itself a ransom brought.
Christ is that Word divine, which ever dwelt
Within the Father's bosom when He felt
That love for man, which did in pity give

His Only Son that man again might live.
For with the Father and the Spirit, One
In the divine pleroma dwells the Son,
The same in essence and divine in Source,
Before all time began to run its course!
The Three in substance One, yet wholly free
In their respective Personality,
Work each with each in perfect unison,
Their glorious purpose ere the worlds begun.
Thus Christ is God, and all His holy life
Like music stealing o'er a world of strife;—
Like the soft light which on the ocean plays,
O'er waves subsiding, after stormy days;
So sweet, so calm, so full of holy peace—
Bids every troubled heart from sorrow cease.
No mind of man, nor power of human thought
Could e'er by fancy have ecstatic wrought
So grand a history, so dread a fate,
So pure a character, such high estate
Of conscious majesty, and calm repose,
What though around His Cross the bitter foes
Revile His glory, and with malice seek
Upon His form their vengeance dire to wreak!
Christ teacheth ever by His life on earth
(As by His incarnation's wondrous birth,
So, also, by His words), that man must rise
To be unselfish, humble, lowly, wise:
He nought doth arrogate, when He doth claim
The love supreme of those who own His name;
He, while most humble, also is most true
And just in claiming that which is His due;

Though meek, He ever doth assert His right,
That men should worship Him, with all the might
Of love and gratitude Himself doth win—
A love surpassing that of earthly kin!
He comes to broken hearts a help to be,
Yea, He doth say to all, "Come unto Me
Ye weary ones, and I will give you rest,"
Like John, the loved one, resting on His breast!
Thus Christ most lowly, though sublime, behold
His Godhead seen in glories manifold:
While humble as a man in word and thought,
He thus consistent is in all He taught!

Eternal Jesus! Thou commandest man
To worship—or despise Thee, if he can!
Despise Thee, if Thou art in no wise more
Than man, and if we may not Thee adore
As God. But—gazing on Thy human face
So full of beauty, tenderness, and grace,
And listening to Thy words of truth and love,
Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove,
Keen as the two-edged sword, yet sweet and mild,
Food for the sage and wisdom for the child,
"Speaking as man ne'er spake"—who shall deny
Thou art the only Son of God most High?
Disputing Thy Divinity we may
No longer trace where Thy perfection lay;
Revealing all the glory of that state
Which Thou didst hold when earth was uncreate,
When in the Father's glory Thou didst dwell—
We must believe Thee, for we know full well

Thine utter truthfulness, and all that power
Which is of truth so mystical a dower;
Our heart, already won by gentle deeds
Of lowly love, no further witness needs:
The moral glories of Thine heart and mind;
The righteous grandeur of Thy wrath, combined
With perfect tenderness and love refined;
A sympathy for sinners linked with hate
Of every sin that marks their fallen state;
Convinced by all these signs of holiness,
And by Thy constant will to soothe and bless,
To comfort those who mourn, and to restore
The sick and suffering to health once more;
By Thy majestic exercise of power
Put forth in sorrow's agonizing hour,
To heal the sick or raise again the dead,
And on the blighted heart sweet comfort shed;
To cleanse the leper, heal the dumb and blind,
Or drive the frenzied demon from the mind;
By all these works of love and gentleness,
By all Thy purity and power to bless,
We do believe, and are most sure of heart,
Thou only dost the words of life impart—
That life which is eternal, and which Thou
Wilt give to all who will receive it, now!
And, while unveiling all the glories bright
Of Him who dwelleth in eternal light,
Revealed within Thyself, and shining through
Each loving deed, and word of wisdom true;
Unfolding thus Thyself to mortal sight
At once the world's Creator and its Light;

From age to age, Thou standest at the bar
Of man's tribunal, where Thy judges are
Often as those who, in Jerusalem,
Erewhile with savage cries did Thee condemn
Unto the Cross! So ever men appear
Hostile to Thee, yet craven, filled with fear,
Condemned by inward sense of shame and sin!
Yet other minds there be of loftier kin
And nobler nature who, with fears within
Their heart, are agonized with darkest doubt;
No rest for such, no peace of soul without
Some certain evidence whereon they must
Lay the foundation of their hope and trust!
Thus in man's judgment-hall the Saviour stands
With lowly attitude and folded hands:
Though humbled thus, O Master, yet at length,
The splendour of Thy truth shall gather strength,
And thou, assuredly, from age to age,
As by the fierce assaults of foes who rage
No less than by the faith which treasured lies
Embalmed within Thy Church (ordained to prize
This pearl of so great price—to her so dear)
Shalt in Thy sayings justified appear,
And in Thy deeds, when judged, be wholly clear!
Yea, of a truth Thou art, O Christ, the King
Of glory, and to Thee all hearts shall sing
Their song of love while countless ages run
To Thee, the Father's Everlasting Son! (4)

Jesus, Thou savest man and Thou alone,
Since on the Cross Thou didst for sin atone:

In dying, sin's result Thou didst assume,
And so Thou didst avert the sinner's doom:
A perfect sacrifice of perfect love
Doth perfect justice and atonement prove!
Sinless, Thou didst, by dying, take away
Sin's wages, death, and man's full ransom pay.
Man needeth nought but such a living faith
As grasps the finished work of Him who saith
"I am the Resurrection and the Life"—
Of Him who conquered in the mortal strife
With sin and death, and thus victorious
Presents His blood-bought Church, all glorious,
Spotless and pure, before the Father's throne,
Clothed in no righteousness save His alone!
How vain and futile are the dreams of those
Who teach that man must on himself repose;
That he, by self-denial and restraint,
Shall reach the full perfection of the saint;
That education shall regenerate,
And raise mankind to holiness of state:
Unfounded hope, delusive gospel this,
Which robs repentant man of present bliss!
Let but the sinner, cleaving to the Cross,
Count all the excellence of earth but dross,
Compared with Christ and knowledge of His love;
In that man's heart a mighty force will move
The mechanism of his thought and will,
And he, constrained by love, must then fulfil
The perfect law of love, since Christ hath died
For all, and therefore each is crucified
In Christ, and thus to each believer's heart

Christ doth the Spirit of the Cross impart.
Yet not by any merit of his own
Shall man for all his sinfulness atone.
At Jesus' feet he must at length lay down
The love and praise which weave a golden crown.
God doth demand perfection, and His law
By Christ alone was kept without a flaw;
And, honoured thus, the law itself gives place
To its own spirit, which is truth and grace;
And thus the Father, looking on the face
Of His beloved Son, doth freely give
Eternal life to those who through Him live!

If it be asked, what differentiates
Man from the lower type and separates
Reason and instinct, is then the reply,
The more retentive power of Memory?
'Tis Memory whose magic virtue stores
Man's long experience and so explores
The constant outcome of all constant law
Which governs all without a change or flaw.
Thus Memory is reason, recollection—nay,
The very fount of fancy's freest play:
"All thought, all passion, all delight," are found
To spring as plants from out the fertile ground
Of Memory. "Imagination rules
The world," it hath been said, "and so befools
Mankind;" but, what is all the might
Of strong imagination, in the light
Of reason, save the magic of that wand
Which Memory sways, and at whose strong command

The past lights up the future with the glare
Of lurid flames which from the furnace flare,
Whose fires, Gehenna-like, as dross consume—
The years long vanished through the vista's gloom!
And Memory is the pang of Hell's remorse!
Is it of hope's bright stream the sunny source
Which, flowing from the past, doth reach the land
Where lovely scenes through distance dim expand?—
The dreamy land, where fancy fondly lends
The halo of its light and softly blends
Full oft the blighted hope and trembling fears
Which melt away amid a mist of tears!

Or is it that in Memory's mystic power
We see but one small part of that rich dower
Through which man's spirit operates and lives,
And by its mean a full expression gives
To all its nature? Thus man seems to be
Within himself a mystic trinity
Of body, soul, and spirit, which unite
To place him, as enthroned, upon the height
Of all God's works the very head and crown,
On whom, well pleased, Heaven looks in mercy down.
Thus man in God's own image wondrous made,
Transcends unspeakably the highest grade
Of animal creation, and a breach
(A gulf impassable, o'er which can reach
No bridge by science framed, whose arch may span
The wide abyss) exists between proud man,
E'en in the weakness of his infant years,
And every nobler creature which appears

To have the semblance of intelligence.
Neither hath science aught of evidence
Which may explain the great phenomenon
Of consciousness, or shed a light upon
The chasm vast whose depth forever lies
All unexplored before our searching eyes:
No molecule of brain a trace can show
Whence thought, or consciousness and will, may flow:
No link unites material things of time
And sense with those ethereal, sublime
And boundless realms of thought and intellect
Which with their mirrored splendour well reflect
That heavenly glory whence they did arise,
As placid waters show the golden skies!

Wherefore, since science can so little tell,
Let us trust Him who doeth all things well:
Let us obey the dictates of our soul
Which lead us on to our eternal goal.
The spirit hath its laws which ever sway
The heart of man to guide him in the way
Of peace—if he their high behests observe;
Of pain—if from the path of right he swerve.
His power of memory gives the power to choose
That which is good, the evil to refuse.
Yet, for a mess of pottage, man will sell
His noble birthright and inherit hell;
For present pleasure, howsoever small,
He barters thus his happiness, his all!

Herein the glorious work of Him appears,
Who is co-equal through the endless years

Of all eternity, and who is Lord
Proceeding from the Father and the Word,
The Holy Spirit! He, whose work within
The heart of man convinceth him of sin;
Makes him abhor himself and feel the grief
Which leads him to a Saviour for relief.
All vainly had the Father loved the world,
All vainly Christ that Father's love unfurled,
All vainly had He suffered on the tree
And borne the weight of our iniquity,
Did not the Spirit, like a heavenly dove
Descending from the home of bliss above,
Come to our hearts, and, melting them with fire,
Show us the things of Christ—our soul's desire:
Oh, may our hearts His priceless gift receive,
And with a saving faith His word believe!

Thus, with the Father and Eternal Son
In office different, in purpose one,
The Holy Spirit, Comforter of man,
Works out with each salvation's glorious plan;
He doth inspire the heart with fervent prayer,
Whose answer long before He did prepare;
Through Him the miracles of love were wrought
By laws within the unseen realm of thought;
He therefore is by all to be adored,
Almighty God and Universal Lord!

Thus have we sought, imperfect, to rehearse
Some of His glory, if in trembling verse;
And thus have sought some portion to portray

Of that bright Glory at whose feet we lay
The lowly homage which we feign would place,
As humble offering, at the throne of grace!
Here, through a glass, imperfectly we see
There, face to face, forever we shall be,
And through the countless cycles shall behold,
The glories of that City paved with gold!
Our souls upborne on pinions, bright with praise,
Shall soar amid the splendour of those days!

(1) The vegetation of the earth absorbs the carbonic acid exhaled by animals, while, in turn, the leaves give forth oxygen, which is necessary to animal life.

(2) The order of ferns called Polypodiaceæ have their capsules, or *thecæ*, surrounded by an elastic band, which bursts, when the spore is ripe, and throws it to a distance.

(3) This is one of the most wonderful phenomena of nature, and approaches more closely to the character of a miracle than perhaps any other. A higher law seems to come in and suspend that of gravitation, and by this provision, called the Law of Diffusion of Gases, the heavier gas, such as carbonic acid, will rise and mingle with the lightest of all, hydrogen, which, in turn, descends. Without this law all animated beings would perish. The diffusive power of each gas varies inversely as the square root of its density.

(4) Liddon, "Bampton Lectures," p. 205.

## AUSTRALIA:

### A Christmas Fancy.

THOUSANDS of years this Island Home
Of Britain's island sons lay wild;
Thousands of years did freely roam
Throughout his kingdom Nature's child:
The uncouth savage idly strayed
Along the shore or through the glade;
Or, hunting mid the tangled wood,
Unfettered, sought his daily food.

O, ancient years! O, bygone days!
What wondrous stories could ye tell
Of mighty storms, of burning rays,
And lightnings that in tempest fell;
Of raging floods that swept the plains,
Of torrents swollen high with rains;
Of forest torn by furious blast
And o'er the earth in ruin cast!

O, ancient years! O, bygone days!
Was there such sweet and sunny light

Illumining these pleasant ways ;
  Yea, were the myriad stars as bright,
And was the Southern Cross as fair,
And glistened it through all the air
  As gem-like to the earth below,
  Six thousand weary years ago !

O, ancient years ! O, bygone days !
  What was this land in far-off time,
When Adam walked in flowery ways
  And talked with Eve in Eden's prime ;
When Abel's life-blood stained the sod,
Or holy Enoch walked with God ;
  When Noah, floating in his Ark,
  In grief beheld the waters dark !

Were all these hills the same as when,
  In distant lands long, long ago,
God face to face did speak with men,
  That they might all His pleasure know ?
Yea, was this mountain's hoary brow
Rocky and bare as it is now,
  And did these trees with beauty flower,
  When Shinar's plain saw Babel's tower ?

Did all these vales with music stir,
  When, with a faith sublimely grand,
Strong Abram left Chaldæan Ur
  To seek the unknown promised land ?

Yea, did the ferns o'ershade this spot
When Abram rescued captured Lot,
  Or when he raised the trembling knife,
  That threatened Isaac's darling life!

And did these valleys sweetly ring
  With melody when Moses stood
Before the great Egyptian King,
  Or turned the waters into blood—
Before great Pharaoh, who now lies
Embalmed before our wondering eyes,
  The very frame that trembling shook
  With terror at the Prophet's look!

Was all this land as bright with joy,
  While on its shore the billows curled,
When aged Priam reigned in Troy
  Or Pericles his thunders hurled;
When Alexander lived and fought,
Or Socrates was rapt in thought;
  When Cæsar, ever conquering, came;
  Or Virgil's brow was crowned with fame!

Long, long this lovely land did rest
  Expecting, till the white-winged fleets
Should waft across the ocean's breast
  And fill with men the busy streets,
While happy homes appear among
Those vales where birds alone had sung,
  But which are joyous now with song,
  Of children's laughter sweet and strong!

O sweet, O fair Australian flowers,
So fragrant and so full of light!
Endeared by thoughts of childhood's hours,
Are ye not as an emblem bright
Of all those benisons which rest
Upon a land so fair and blest:
A home, through ages long prepared,
To be by countless thousands shared!

Yea, all these sunny ways were bright,
Embosomed amid living green,
When over Bethlehem a light
Angelic was by shepherds seen:
"Glory to Him who reigns above,"
The angels sang with songs of love;
"On earth may peace for ever fill
The hearts of those who work His will!"

O, happy, happy Christmastide,
Now smiling on this land of ours;
Better than all the years beside
Through which it slept mid sun and showers!—
Through which this land did wait, till now
It is a jewel on the brow
Of England's majesty—a gem
Of glory in her diadem!

## A CENTENNIAL ODE.

[*Anniversary Day, 26th January, 1888.*]

PLIFT an anthem sweet and strong!
A people's heart is full of song;
Let it burst forth and peal along
The echoing corridor, and rise
From sounding earth to listening skies
A thousand throbbing hearts this day
Their grateful homage humbly pay
To Him who hath with lavish hand
His bounties poured upon our land!

Through golden æons of the past,
Through cycles long and changes vast,
The deep foundation of our shore
From chaos into beauty grew,
Until its ample bosom bore
The wealth that gladdens all the view

In rocky depths of mountain chain
With gold and jewel bright inlaid;
In fern-clad vale or verdant plain
By shining rivers fertile made;

Through days of sunshine or of rain,
While light and shade
Alternate played
Through branches o'er the forest glade;
Thus was our beauteous land prepared
That all its bounty might be shared
By us who gladly raise this day
All jubilant our festive lay!

Belovéd daughter of the sea,
May brightening joy thy future be!
Thou fairest land of all the earth,
The Sons of Morning hailed thy birth;
Home of the dauntless, brave and free,
Australia, we sing to thee!

A hundred summer suns have shed
Their lustre o'er this happy isle,
Since Britons first with favour led
Beheld these shores in beauty smile!

Oh kindly Providence that held
Our rock-bound coast from foreign power!
These frowning cliffs their prows repelled
And kept for us the priceless dower!

Vast Island Continent, a gleaming gem,
Set in sweet seas of sunlight's azure hue,
Beneath translucent skies of radiant blue
A shining sapphire in earth's diadem!

United in the bonds of love
And common weal, may every son
Of all this mighty land be one!
So shall a blessing from above
Rest on our shores: and may the throne
Of England ever be our own!
Thus federate in a common band
With strength united we shall stand,
Till England's foes and ours shall be
O'ercome in splendid victory!

Oh, golden wealth of hidden mine,
Of cities vast that rise and shine!
Oh, affluence of flocks and herds
Depasturing o'er hill and plain;
Oh, vision fair, surpassing words,
Of valleys filled with fruit and grain;
Oh, white-winged argosies that rest
In nestling bays by ocean's breast!
As ye are beautiful and pure
So be ye all the omens sure
To bless with peace the halcyon days
Of dawning years, whose light shall come
And see Australia crowned with praise,
Our children's bright, belovéd home!

## GARIBALDI.

### A Requiem.

GUISEPPE Garibaldi!
Liberator of Italy! Gone to thy rest!
Passions, volcano-like, stirred in thy breast!
Burst from thy heart for a nation opprest;
Deep in thy bosom there wrestled and strove
The fire that flashed with the lightning of love!
On the billow thy soul drank the breath of the free—
The spirit of Liberty, vast as the sea!
Thou sawest thy country down-trodden, accurst;
Thy breast was aflame with a maddening thirst
To rescue from ruin, though fallen, yet grand,
Thy well-beloved Italy, beautiful land!

Forward! thy cry, with the sword in thine hand!
Onward in triumph thou leddest thy band!
Palermo hath fallen, Melazzo is won;
And Naples, for Italy, welcomes her son!

The winter is past and the springtide begun;
At length in its glory ariseth the sun!

No more of the darkness, the priest-craft, the wrong
The dungeon-like curse of a tyranny strong;
No more shall the night of dark ignorance shed
Its gloom where the tyrant lies stricken and dead!

Guiseppe Garibaldi!
Liberator of Italy! Gone to thy rest!
Gone to the home of the brave and the free!

## LAKES PROA AND BENANEE.*

### An Australian Sketch: Riverina.

UNCLOUDED, bright, and glorious morn
Whose gem-like dews the world adorn!
No lovelier ever blessed the earth
Since vernal seasons had their birth:
All nature seems instinct with soul—
The ample plain or grassy knoll,
The gleaming lakes, the radiant skies,
The emerald earth that peaceful lies—
All in rapt adoration raise
To Heaven their silent psalm of praise!
How brightly pure and purely bright
The gentle radiance of the light!
Far as the distant view extends,
Soft sunlight with soft shadow blends,
Where pine-tree ridge or mallee yields,
Alternate with wide-spreading fields,
Through all the air a wondrous charm,
A soft and aromatic balm;

* Inland lakes on Meilman and Euston stations, Murray River.

While zephyrs waft their sweet perfume
From myriad flowers in springtide's bloom
And far away the flocks of sheep
By native willows browse or sleep.
New tenants of such scenes are they,
Where denizens of ancient day,
The kangaroo and emu stray,
As they would still their right retain
O'er all their former wide domain,
Where waving grass or saltbush grows,
Or creek by native box-tree flows.

Like shields of burnished silver gleam
The shining lakes, that almost seem
As if they were enchanted seas
Embosomed amid myriad trees,
Whose foliage with the waves are one,
An argent glory in the sun!

Lake Proa, beautiful and bright,
And Benanee, thou sea of light,
How lovely are your waves, that dance
Where rays of sunlight brightly glance
Through quivering branches of the trees,
That sway with every softest breeze.
The red cliffs of thy distant shore,
Lake Benanee, in days of yore
Have witnessed battles bravely fought
By sable warriors, who bought
With blood their glory near thy waves,
That wash the native heroes' graves!

Where the weird eucalypti stand
As guardians by the silvery strand,
Well thou may'st gaze with fond delight,
Friend and companion, on the sight;—
Son of the first,† who led the way
To these fair scenes where now we stray—
First to explore these lakes and plains,
Where plenty, like an empress, reigns!
With honest pride thou well may'st tread
By Benanee's resplendent bed,
Where erst thy sire exulting stood,
Discoverer of land and flood,
First to behold, with bounteous hand,
How God had blest this favoured land!

† Sir Thomas Mitchell.

## GETHSEMANE NIGHT.

WEET Paschal Moon, that, bright and fair,
Dost make the peaceful, balmy air
Seem conscious of the presence bright
Of some sweet influence this night,
Thou movest on with silent tread,
While over heaven and earth is shed
A holy calm, that makes most dear
This holiest night of all the year;
Pure as the heavens, all free from taint,
Thou seemest like a radiant saint;
Thou makest night more fair than noon,
O thou, thrice beauteous Paschal Moon!

Is it but fancy? Nay, not so,
A real peace doth surely glow
This night, of all the nights the best,
With holy memories sweetly blest!

As 'twere this eve, in humble state,
The Lord with his disciples ate
The Paschal supper, sacred type
Of that long-looked-for hour, now ripe,

When He, the spotless Lamb, should be
Our passover of Calvary ;
Whose blood besprinkled on the heart,
Wards the Destroying Angel's dart !

This night in sad Gethsemane,
He suffered that dread agony,
Whose sinless spirit, pure and bright,
And beautiful as fairest light,
Was darkened by the frown of God
As sweating blood upon the sod
He felt the curse of sin, and cried,
" Father, my Father, turn aside,
If it may be, the bitter cup,
Yet, at Thy will, I drink it up."
And meekly 'neath the load He bent,
Till Ministering Angels, sent,
Came to Him in His bitterest grief,
With sweet and comforting relief.

The loved disciples did not know
A tithe of all His bitter woe ;
How little thought they of His pain,
As wearily they "slept again."
So little do *we* realize
The anguish of His tearful eyes :
Help us, O Lord, that we may see
Somewhat of its immensity !

Thou art the same, fair moon, this night,
The very same whose loveliest light

Did gently beam upon His face,
Upturned in all its suffering grace.
And thou, calm evening, surely art
The emblem of the peaceful heart;
The heart that has by Him been taught,
The pardoning love so dearly bought!

## LOVE-LIGHT.

[*A song.*]

H, softly shine, ye gentle rays
Of morn, upon the flowers,
And rest upon the moss-grown ways
That lead to forest bowers.

Oh, gently gleam, ye drops of dew,
That light upon the leaves,
For every wood-bine decked with you
A silver crownlet weaves.

Oh, shine with beauty all things bright,
Oh, morn and early dew;
I know another fairer light
More beautiful than you!

Oh gentle love-light of those eyes,
Sweet love-light rest on me,
And when the storms of care shall rise
I'll peaceful rest in thee!

## MEDITATIONS.

I.

WHAT thoughts sublime entrance
The deep-enraptured soul
From nature's vast expanse,
As o'er the spirit roll
Unnumbered visions grand
Of that creative power,
Which spread the sea and land
Or bade the mountains tower!

II.

Where lowly heath-bells hide
Their heads among the fern,
And crystal waters glide
Or sparkle in the burn,
How sweet awhile to dwell
In such sequestered place,
And feel the wondrous spell
Of nature's lovely face!

III.

How soft the music sweet
That gently breathes around
The melodies that meet
And melt in liquid sound!
So joy with sorrow weaves
A song unsung in words,
The sighing of the leaves
And the singing of the birds!

IV.

Yea, sweet indeed to gaze
Upon the woodland trees,
Where summer sunlight plays
And dances in the breeze.
Yet sad it is to think
That all things must decay,
And fading, slowly sink
To death and pass away:

V.

To think that all things fair,
So beautiful and bright,
So exquisitely rare,
Must pass into the night;
That all the lovely flowers,
Whose untold beauty seems
To crown the golden hours
Whereon the sunlight streams

VI.

That these, with all their wealth
  Of loveliness, must die,
As summer clouds in stealth
  Evanish from the sky ;
So too the birds with wings
  Of purple and of gold,
And all the wondrous things
  Of beauty manifold.

VII.

The myriad forms of life
  That sport their sunny hour
With all enjoyment, rife,
  On fern leaf or on flower ;
These live their happy day,
  And in the sunlight bask
Without a thought to stay,
  Or any need to ask.

VIII.

Must man too pass away
  As all around must pass,
This frame at length decay
  And rest beneath the grass !
And shall these eyes grow dim,
  And cease to see the bright
And glorious works of Him
  Who sits enthroned in light !

IX.

No, death is not for man ;
  All other things may die !
God hath a nobler plan
  For all humanity.
No other creature shrinks
  From what the future seals,
No other being thinks
  Or suffers as man feels !

X.

Christ is our life and light,
  Our only joy and trust
In Him our hopes unite
  When humbled in the dust :
He is creation's Lord,
  And He our Saviour blest ;
He only can afford
  The troubled conscience rest !

XI.

Christ by His risen life
  Reanimates our faith,
And in our mortal strife
  Gives hope by what He saith ;
Amid our trembling fears,
  He, only, by His breath,
Gives peace amid our tears
  And triumph over death !

XII.

Christ, the embodied thought
  Of GOD's strong love to man,
By self-denial wrought
  Redemption's glorious plan!
In sacrifice He gave
  Himself; He could no more,
And mighty thus to save
  Our weight of sin He bore!

XIII.

His precious blood was shed
  To wash away our sin:
In agony He bled
  Eternity to win,
His life blood was a gift!
  No greater could be given
Whereby our souls to lift
  From sinful earth to Heaven!

XIV.

So now what radiant beams
  Of light illume our way,
A light that brighter gleams
  Until the perfect day;
And as we look around
On all things bright and fair,
Behold what signs abound
  Of wisdom everywhere!

XV.

We worship Him who made
  This universal frame
Wherein we see displayed
  The glories of His Name!
Forever we shall live,
  Though earth exist no more,
And praises ever give
  To Him whom we adore!

XVI.

And thus, serene, we gaze
  On woodland, lake, or sea,
And from our hearts we raise
  A hymn of ecstasy;
Rejoicing in that love
  That crowns our happy days,
With promise that above
  There shall be higher praise!

## HERCULES.

VAST demigod, huge wonder-working Hercules,
With monster limbs like gnarlèd branches of great trees,
And body like the trunk of some old oak whose age
Hath knit and bound and strengthened him to wage
Against the rage of storms a more enduring war:
Great son of Jupiter, whom strong Alcmena bore,
Uniting earth and heaven, the great God's human son,
An earthly, sensuous type of the All-glorious One!

Man without revelation makes a god of man,
And with fantastic dress he clothes him as he can:
Thus Hercules the great, with giant force and stride,
Becomes the god of strength, man's earliest, poorest pride;
Hence all the tales of marvel and deadly foes he fought
Are sung of him and mighty labours which he wrought.

Shriek! Iphicles, you may, as tawny serpents glide
About your couch the while your brother at your side,

The infant Herculès, with grasp of iron holds
And strangles all the life from out the writhing folds!
But, lo, another cradle more humble to behold,
And gentle shepherds there and Magi with their gold;
No serpent's folds are seen around his lowly bed,
Yet He shall surely bruise a mightier serpent's head!

Is this an idle dream, a vain similitude?
By spiritual truth man's vision is renewed,
And all his poorest thought with falsest error rife,
By light and truth divine is quickened into life

Teach him to war with skill, great son of Tyndarus;
His chariot wheels to guide, O thou, Autolycus;
Cunning of hand and might, O Hercules, thy part—
But He all wise from youth, all gentleness of heart!
The lion of Nemæa lies weltering in gore,
As great Cithæron's plague had perished long before:—
But He hath torn the mane from off a deadlier foe
That ravening had spread throughout the world his woe!
With blazing heat of iron the one did deftly sear
The hundred-headed monster, fair Lerna's constant fear;
But hydra-headed conscience, with fangs which tear the heart,
No strength but His can slay or pardoning peace impart!
His country Hercules from oxen tribute freed:
But He vast hecatombs on altars else to bleed;
This by one crimson stream hath cleansed the world of sin
A glory which no work Augean e'er could win!

One gloried in his vice and pride of life alone—
The poisoned tunic's curse shall enter nerve and bone!
Both gave themselves to death, One beautiful, one vile;
That glorious on the cross, this blackening on the pile!

Each man's life history is that of all the world:
From that which earthly is his spirit is unfurled;
The world is growing up from childhood unto man:
All history hath thus, though dark, a wondrous plan!
First Hercules and strength—the world, its sin and lust;
These in the light of heaven must crumble in the dust.
Might of the body first, then intellect and soul;
Thus man forever tendeth to his eternal goal!

## "SORROW NOT."

OON shall we meet the loved and lost,
The sainted who have gone before,
Those who have joined the glorious host
Of such who live for evermore.

Our faith is not a transient dream,
A fond, yet vain and erring trust;
Nor are our hopes so bright which seem
But doomed to perish in the dust.

'Tis true that we shall surely live
Beyond this scene of anxious fears;
Yea, it is true that GOD doth give
This certain hope amid our tears.

What are the joys of rank or fame,
What all the wealth of earthly bliss,
If we shall only leave a name—
For what to us the worth of this?

Why should we toil for all our kind,
If we must pass into the night?
Vainly we strive, or hope to find
A full reward for truth and right.

Hopeless we seek the guerdon bright,
Since evil triumphs in the strife,
If hope of victory in the fight
Be not a faith in endless life!

No aspiration e'er can free
The sinful from their chains of sin,
Unless that aspiration be
The breath of Heaven itself within!

Shall all the love we have on earth,
Immortal in its very might,
Which surely is of heavenly birth,
For ever perish from the light?

Ah, truly God did only give
Such wealth ineffable of love
To dwell within our hearts, and live
Eternal in His sight above!

He formed us not that we should die,
For in the bitterness of grief
For those that we have lost our cry
In words of faith finds sure relief:

Then sorrow not, the Spirit saith,
As those who weep unhopeful tears;
For Christ hath conquered sin and death,
And banished all our trembling fears.

## PATTESON, ATKIN, STEPHEN,

### MARTYRS, 1871.

[Bishop Patteson, the first bishop of Melanesia, together with his two fellow-labourers, the Rev. Joseph Atkin and their son in the faith, a native catechist named Stephen, were cruelly murdered by the islanders of the Santa Cruz group on 20th September, 1871.]

WHY should we mourn their glorious fate,
Or weep that they have won their crown?
Theirs is a glory far too great—
Too glad for tears their bright renown!

Nobly they fought and gained the prize—
The martyr's radiant diadem;
What need for tears or bitter cries,
While smiles in Heaven are circling them?

Let not their praise be heard apart;
United are their names in Heaven,
Since each to each was bound in heart,
To each the same bright guerdon given!

Chief Pastor, Friend, and faithful Son !
Their happiness without alloy
In rapture sweet is surely one ;
Before the Throne—an endless joy !

We had not known one tear or doubt,
Nor trembled at death's mystery,
Could we have heard th' angelic shout
That hailed their glorious victory !

Grant, Lord, that we who yet remain
May strengthen in our faith and prayer,
That, haply, fighting we may gain
Some measure of that bliss they share !

Balranald, December, 1871.

## EPOPS' SPEECH TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

[*Translation from the Greek, from Aristophanes.*]

"COME, my loved one, cease from sleeping,
Pour forth your strain of sacred song,
And with thy voice angelic, weeping,
In trembling notes, oh, sing the wrong—
Oh, sing of Itys and his cruel wrong
With liquid music and with golden song!
Up through the thick-leaved Yew tree goes
The gentle echo clear that flows
On to the throne of Jove on high,
Where bright Apollo crowned with fire
Shall to your mournful lays reply
Responsive, on his ivory lyre,
With notes that all the Gods inspire,
While from the lips that never die
There comes your plaintive voice to meet
A chant divine, all musical and sweet!"

## ST. MARY'S CHIMES.*

[*An Ode.*]

I.

CHIME, chime, with melody chime,
Utter your voices in beautiful rhyme ;
Measure with music the march of time,
Chime, chime, with melody chime !

II.

When the morning awakes,
And the sweet day breaks
Over the mountain and over the lea,
Over the forest and over the sea ;
When the bell-bird sings,
And, with fluttering wings,
To welcome the morning with joy upsprings —
Chime, chime, in harmony chime,
Measure, sweet bells, the march of time !

* The chimes of St. Mary's Church, West Maitland, were started on the morning of 21st June, 1887, being Jubilee Day.

III.

When the radiant sun has reached his height,
And the world is bathed in seas of light,
When the streets re-echo the busy life,
And the world with manifold toil is rife,
'Mid all its murmuring sounds of strife,
Chime, chime, with musical rhyme,
Measure the hastening tread of time!
Tell us that all is a fleeting show,
If we labour alone for things below,
Since the sands of time so ceaseless flow,
And swiftly pass, through life's hour-glass,
And all must fade as fades the grass!

IV.

When the glories golden fade out of the West,
And the songster is silent, asleep in his nest,
And the tired-out labourer sighs for his rest,
Chime, chime, with melody chime,
And tell of that far-off evening time,
When the glories of Earth shall pass away,
As the gold and the purple have turned to grey,
And there cometh a brighter and happier day;
Sing, ye bells, with your softest chime,
Of a rest above, in a home sublime!

V.

When the darkness of night, in silence deep,
Has wrapped the earth in a fold of sleep;

And one by one the bright stars peer
Mid clouds, that whirl in a wild career
Before the tempest, and disappear—
Chime, chime; all musical chime,
Out in the darkness and cold of night.
When the rains descend and the floods affright,
Chime, chime, and tell in your rhyme
Of an eye that never can slumber or sleep,
Of a Watcher whose love will ever keep
His own beneath that fatherly care,
Which never forgets the children's prayer!
Chime, chime, with softest chime,
Waft your music to troubled skies,
And soothe to slumber the wakeful eyes.

VI.

Sing, sweet bells of St. Mary's, sing,
Through all the verdant days of Spring.
When the joyous life is in everything:
Chime, bells, chime, through the sunny hours
Filled with the fragrance of Summer flowers:
Chime, bells, chime, in the Autumn time,
'Mid the falling leaves,
And the bending sheaves:
Chime when the wintry winds blow cold,
And encircle the earth in an icy fold.
Chime, chime, still hopefully chime,
And tell of that beautiful joyous time,
When the winter's blast,
Shall be over and past,
And there cometh again the sweet springtime!

VII.

Chime, chime, in the happy time
Of good Victoria's golden prime,
And tell to the children as yet unborn,
How ye sounded first on her Jubilee morn!
Chime, chime, in melody chime,
Utter your voices in joy sublime,
Singing the song of the river of Time,
As it murmuring flows to the limitless sea—
The ocean vast of Eternity!

## ATHANASIA.

THEY say that what shall live for aye,
Must evermore have been;
And so that man's too little day
Shall pass to the unseen.

Since man began to live at birth,
So death shall be his end;
Ashes to ashes, earth to earth,
For ever doomed to blend.

But God's own breath gave life to man,
A never-dying soul;
Man lived in God ere time began—
Shall live while ages roll!

I hear a voice within my heart,
That tells me I shall never die;
And though the soul and body part,
Yet still shall live the conscious "I."

## WELCOME HOME.

[*Written for music.*]

OMENTS of joy that quickly fade,
Winging your flight away,
How sweet did seem the beautiful dream
Of love's delightful day!
But, ah! my loved one must depart
Over the world away,
And leave me with a broken heart
In solitude to stay.

Shall I behold that face once more
Whose smile once gladdened me,
Or again rejoice at that sweet voice—
Or never hear it more?
Shall all our joys be as of yore,
Or may it never be?
O! Thou, who hearest prayer, restore
Once more my love to me!

Weary the hours of waiting sad ;
  Weary the days of pain.
Shall hope no longer make me glad,
  Or cheer my path again ?
Oh, joy of joys ! oh, day most fair !
  My long-lost one returns—
Once more our joy knows no alloy,
  Since Heaven hath heard our prayer !

## CENTENNIAL HYMN.

[*St. Mary's Church, West Maitland, 22nd January*, 1888.]

TO Thee, O Lord, with grateful song
We come in thankfulness to bow;
For unto Thee alone belong
The praises which we offer now!

Before Thy throne a Nation kneels
In deepest reverence and prayer,
To tell the gratitude it feels
For all Thy providential care!

Ten thousand voices lift their Psalm
Of joy and universal praise
To Thee, O Lord, whose mighty arm
Hath sheltered us in all our ways.

We thank Thee for this glorious land—
Our fair Australia bright and blest,
Enriched by Thine all-bounteous Hand—
A sunlit home of peace and rest!

We thank Thee for the golden mine,
The forest and the fertile field:
The treasures of the earth are Thine,
And all to us their bounty yield!

We thank Thee for the Hundred years,—
The Century of blessings past,
That after all our hopes and fears
Thou crownest us with joy at last!

O grant that we may live to Thee;
Our banner still for Christ unfurled:
So shall our future glorious be,
A benediction to the World! Amen.

## UNION WITH CHRIST.

[*Special Hymn.*]

"ONE with our Lord and He with us:"
This is the source of all our life,
Our strength and victory in strife;
In Him we triumph thus!

We are as branches of the Vine,
Deriving life from stem and root;
From Christ alone we have our fruit—
Round Him with love entwine!

We are as living stones within
The glorious Temple of our Lord;
The mighty Church of one accord,
Since Jesus dwells therein.

We are as members of one frame
And Christ Himself our mystic head;
One body, we by Him are led
And bear His sacred name!

We are united with our Lord
  By living faith and fervent love;
  We draw our life from Him above
By angel-songs adored!

"Abide in Me and I in you:"
  This is the Master's own behest;
  So He will dwell within our breast
A Saviour strong and true!

Lord Jesus, may we dwell in Thee,
  And may Thy spirit ever shine
  Through all our lives with light divine,
And Thine the glory be! Amen.

## ETERNAL LOVE.

[*Special Hymn, P. M.—After Binney's "Eternal Light."*]

ETERNAL Love, Eternal Love,
How beautiful must be
The glory of Thy throne above,
Where, Father, Son and Holy Dove,
Ye dwell, the One in Three!

O, Fountain of the Godhead, Thou
Whose name itself is Love;
Father, before whose radiant brow
Thy creatures all adoring bow
In earth and heaven above!

Thy love flowed out in far-off days
To give the worlds their birth,
And as the stars sent forth their rays
The sons of morning sang Thy praise
And all the things of earth!

And when Thine erring children fell
  Beneath the power of sin,
The Son came down on earth to dwell,
The story of His love to tell,
  And die our souls to win!

Eternal Love, Eternal Love,
  Thou Comforter divine;
Sent forth from heaven our hearts to move,
And all our need of Thee to prove
  And consecrate us Thine!

Thus Father, Son and Spirit, One,
  Unite in love to man;
Their glorious work in heaven begun,
Through endless ages still shall run
  And work God's sovereign plan!

O, wealth of love, unbounded, free,
  To man in mercy given;
Bless'd Trinity all glorious thus
Since ever one in love to us
  O, lift our souls to heaven! Amen.

# HYMNS

## Written for Special Occasions.

[*Hymn sung at St. Mary's Church, West Maitland, on the anniversary of the colony, 26th January, 1890, being a Sunday.*]

WE bless Thee, Lord, for all the love
And providential care
Which Thou has showered from above
Upon this land so fair.

When other nations sought to claim
Our island home erewhile,
Thou did'st—all glory to Thy name—
On us in favour smile.

Thou did'st for us design this land,
That Britain's sons might dwell
Upon these shores, and bless the Hand
That hath done all things well!

So may we in our nation's youth,
Thy sovereign will to please,
Hold forth the lamp of light and truth
Within these Southern seas!

We thank Thee for this sunny land,
This fair Australian shore,
Whose smiling fields and mountains grand
Yield earth's unbounded store.

We praise Thee for the years of peace
And all our blessings past:
Our nation's wealth, our wide increase,
And treasures rich and vast.

May all Australia's sons be one,
In lofty hope and aim,
To spread the Kingdom of Thy Son,
And glorify Thy name.

May righteousness exalt our land,
And self be sacrificed;
So may we federated stand
On one foundation—Christ.

We thank Thee for the golden grain,
Of harvests bending low;
For wealth of mine and fertile plain,
And all Thou dost bestow.

We thank Thee, Giver of all Good,
For river, vale, and sea ;
For fruitful seasons, pasture, food,
And all fertility.

Accept then, Lord, our hymn of praise
And gratitude to Thee,
And ever crown our land with days
Of bright prosperity ! Amen.

## SPECIAL HYMN.

[*Composed for the Occasion—Service of Prayer for Rain, Sunday, 22nd November, 1885, St. Mary's Church, West Maitland.*]

O whom except to Thee, O Lord,
Shall we in tribulation go?
Of life Thou hast th' eternal Word:
Thyself the solace of our woe!

In all our utter need to Thee,
O Lord, we come when sore distrest,
Since Thou hast said "Come unto Me
Ye laden ones—I give you rest!"

We come, O Lord, with broken hearts
And bend before Thine awful throne;
Grant us the peace Thy love imparts
And make us Thine and Thine alone!

We mourn with tears all the guilt and shame
The deep ingratitude, the lust
And greed that tarnish all our fame,
And bring our nation to the dust!

Look down in mercy on our sin,
And hear our cry of contrite grief;
Grant us, O Lord, Thy peace within
And through the Saviour send relief!

Behold, O Lord, our stricken land,
Our failing streams and valleys dry:
We look to Thine Almighty hand;
Our need alone Thou canst supply!

With parchéd lips to Thee, O Lord,
The earth for moisture seems to cry;
Thou only canst the help afford,
And shower the blessing from on high!

The cattle on a thousand hills
Are Thine, O Lord; Thou canst prepare
Their pasture, for Thy bounty fills
The universe with loving care.

Then hear, O Lord, our earnest prayer;
No longer let the heaven be brass:
Let flocks and herds Thy mercy share
And clothe the arid waste with grass.

Pour down Thy blessings from above,
And let the music of the rain
Fill all our hearts with songs of love,
And gratitude to Thee again! Amen.

## LOVE.

[*An Ode.*]

I.

LOVE!
What tenderest hand may touch the string
That vibrates, softly echoing
The trembling passion of a psalm!
What song seraphic e'er may sing,
With melody enrapturing,
Thy wondrous charm,
Ineffable, sweet balm
And bliss of life,
Crowning the happy world with peace
And beauty rife
With joys which nevermore may cease!
Thou purest gem from that white throne
Which shines in Heaven,
A jewel God Himself doth own—
To man hath given;
A golden link—a universal bond,
To wed the seen with the unseen beyond!

II.

O Love !
Sweet stream, whose living waters flow
With blessing to the world below,
From that pure fountain in the height
Of God's own mountain, hid in light ;
River from that o'erflowing spring
The love of Heaven's Eternal King,
Who reigns in light supreme above,
Whose name most beautiful is Love !
Love is the song the angels sing,
In anthems bright, and sweet refrain
Of music's soft, melodious strain,
While on their way they joyful wing
Their messages of love to bring !
Since God is Heaven's own fount of Love
The bright seraphic hosts above
O'erflow with that all-potent force,
Which sings eternal of its source !
'Tis love that tunes their lofty song,
'Tis love that echoes all along
The starry ways that pave with light
The vestibule of that high dome
Where God Himself in glory bright
Inhabits Love's eternal home !

III.

The world was young and passing fair,
And Eden bloomed in beauty rare,
While mid the flow'rets wandered there

He who did first with joy behold
Nature her lovely charms unfold,
And all her treasures spread around;
The tremulous overhanging boughs,
'Neath which strange creatures bask or browse;
The bright-winged birds whose songs resound
'Mid blooms of azure or bright gold
Which emerald leaves with love enfold!

But no companion was there found
To echo back the thought which stirred
Within his breast and sought reply;
No gentle, sweet, responsive word,
No smile returned nor softest sigh
Of love to tell that love was nigh!
With ray divine though sunlight shine
And leaves all quiver in the light,
While valleys smile in gladness bright,
Yet darkness settles on the heart
When far apart
From sympathy and love we roam
Without a home,
Or one fond heart to call our own—
In all the sad dark world, alone!

IV.

Love's gentle reign began on earth,
And Nature smiled upon her birth
When he, the first of all our race,
In youthful manhood's pride and grace,

With the first flush of joy beheld
Eve in her maiden beauty bless'd
With flowing tresses, and first pressed
Her face of bloom upon his breast,
And with that touch whose grace endears,
Her silken locks in love caressed,
The while he kissed the falling tear
Which, in her startled first alarm
She trembling shed, until the charm
Of love, that shelters love from harm,
Banished all fear,
And sunshine lit the upturned face,
With love's repose and trustful grace!

Thus love was born, and grew apace,
Offspring of Heaven, the richest dower
That e'er was given on earth to flower,
The brightest gem, Love's diadem,
That crowns our life with love and power!
Pure, heavenly passion, consecrate!
A blossom saved from Paradise;
Affection pure of hearts elate,
Let not scorn's idle breath arise
Or folly's sneer thy grace despise—
Thy beauty all unsullied taint!
Thou art then, Love, as some fair saint
Or angel-spirit of bright wings,
Whose magic spell doth souls unite,
Transfiguring all earthly things
Pure and ethereal as light,
Or as the lily, spotless white!

Handmaid of purity, thy touch
Of talismanic power is such
As changeth all things base to gold;—
An earnest of those joys untold
Which in that home beyond the skies
Man's spirit yet shall realize,
Where love shall have its perfect end
And soul with soul together blend
In that true love which never dies!

Love's bright evangel surely is
That man is made for higher bliss;
His life is lifted by love's power
Above all other life on earth;
Crown of creation and its flower,
Since love from heaven itself hath birth!
Love with its glory shall uplift
Man above all the low and base.
Therefore the holiest, purest gift;
A smile of God, a tender grace,
A radiant beam of light divine
Destined through all our life to shine;
Of Eden's blessedness a trace
No power of darkness may efface!

VI.

Love hath inspired the noblest song!
The noblest deeds to love belong;
'Tis love hath nerved the hero's arm
To deeds of valour and of fame;

'Tis love that weaves the fondest charm
And lends a music to one name,—
A halo bright, a rainbow flame!
'Tis love that doth the soul inspire
With high ambition's lofty fire,
To dare the death or win the prize,
The guerdon bright of loving eyes!
Reign on, O Love, with potent sway
O'er every heart in every clime;
Until the furthest reach of time,
Thy sceptre all things shall obey!

VII.

Child of the first sweet love of earth,
Full soon another love had birth,
As day ariseth from the morn,
Or blossoms of fair buds are born!
Love begets love, pure, undefiled,
The parents' yearning o'er the child,
The mother's love more strong than death,
Unselfish to its latest breath;
A father's strong, protecting arm,
To shelter from the touch of harm.
These are the offspring of the love
Descending from its fount above,
The first strong love of each to each
Whose wide dominion still shall reach
Through generations yet unborn,
Until Eternity's glad morn
On earth shall dawn,

And love's brief day
From hence withdrawn
Shall pass away
To those eternal realms of light
Where love renewed is infinite !

God loves the child through the mother's love,
With a tenderness all thought above ;
With the hovering wings of a Holy Dove
His Spirit broods like an angel fair
To bless with comfort and answer prayer !

VIII.

Born of this love another love—
Wreath within wreath as interwove,
Or budding branch in vernal grove,
Or tender shoot from parent root,
Or from the blossom comes the fruit,
So springs the filial love to meet
The parent's love responsive, sweet,
And infant arms entwine around
The mother's love as on her breast
The child with tenderness caressed
A home of happiness hath found !
So tendrils twine around the tree
And stretch their leafy hands to seek
Protecting strength since soft and weak
In the first dawn of infancy.
Thus love with love for ever weaves
A garland of unfading leaves—

A bond of union whose ties
Of constant love and sympathies
Shall never fail, but still shall bind
Heart unto heart and mind to mind.

Nor is this hope a vision vain,
A dream delusive of the brain,
But lives a potent, glorious truth
In all the strength of endless youth!
It ne'er shall fading fall and cease,
But still shall yield the fruits of peace,
A blessing which, if never given,
Would be as if through sunless heaven
In darkness drear, in death and fear,
The world had on its way been driven!

IX.

From that sweet love which binds the home
Affection spreads to those who roam
This world as pilgrims by our side:
Who, journeying as through deserts wide,
In oases of peace and rest,
When weary, worn, and sore oppress't
In sympathy may find relief
And solace in the hour of grief.
What human is, that too is mine,
Since I am human—truth divine! *
What touches one that touches all,

* Terence.

Since nothing may the least befall
But all the body shares a part—
One in its sympathy of heart!

Hence the grand thought of brotherhood,
A common hope, a common good.
Soon dawn the day when bright-eyed peace
Shall bless the earth, and war shall cease;
The spear become the pruning-hook,
The beaten sword a ploughshare good,
And nations shall no longer brook
The tyrant's power or warfare's blood!
Then all united as one kin
A common destiny shall win,
And, hand to hand, together prove
The blessing of a world-wide love!

X.

Yet far above all other love—
The love of angels or of men—
Is that eternal Love of Heaven:
The Love that was most glorious when
The Son Himself in love was given
To save us by His grace.
For God so loved the world, and gave
His only Son that He might save
From death our fallen race!

From Him man has that highest love
Whose power uplifts his soul above

All earthly things, and bids him prove
The Spirit's influence to move
  And quicken all his baser thought,
  By light of heaven divinely taught—
A gift supernal and bestowed
By Him whose being overflowed
  With that celestial fire He brought,
Promethean, from the realms of light,
To banish sin and sorrow's night.
That life the risen Saviour gives,
And in His people ever lives.
  That love, sublimest upon earth,
  The offspring of the second birth—
That higher love Christ's Spirit is,
Which none may prove who are not His!

This love shall sanctify all love—
The wedded love of Eden's bliss,
The love of children, sweet that is;
The love of all the near and dear,
The love for all who love the Lord,
The love for all who love Him not,
For all who seek by deed and word
To rid the world of sin's dark blot—
The love that yet shall conquer all,
Subduing to its blissful thrall
The savage hearts of savage men,
The tiger passions in their den—
And change them by its magic spell;
For love is heaven and hate is hell!
Then come the day when love shall end

The hatreds which our bosom rend ;
When love engendered by His life
Shall melt away the hate and strife
Of sects and parties, creeds and caste
And all their bitterness be past :
When labour shall no longer hate
And envy those of higher state ;
And wealth no longer spurn the poor
That lie as Lazarus at the door :
When Dives shall no longer bask
In affluence and idle ease,
While starving thousands vainly ask
For food their hunger to appease :
Hasten the day when all shall feel
There is for man a common weal—
A common interest to bind
The families of all our kind
In one great brotherhood, and weld
The links by which their love is held ;
Then shall the world with joy behold
One flock, one Shepherd and one fold !

Oh, consummation glorious, grand !
May Love supreme from God's own Hand
Thus gather all mankind in one,
And bless them with a common bond ;
A hope that in the years beyond,
Through Him of God and man the Son,
They shall inherit joys above
Since God is Light and God is Love !

## ON THE MOUNTAIN.

[*A Fragment.*]

LO, where its pinnacle toucheth the sky,
Rejoicing at heart on the mountain stand I,
With feet on the storm-beaten crag at the height
Of the summit that proudly stands up in the sight
Of all the wide heaven, whereat the dark clouds
Dash wildly careering and scatter in shrouds:
Here crimson-tongued lightnings with vividness flash,
And fierce-throated thunders in awfulness crash,
Hurling with horror the tempest-struck rock
Down crags of the mountain which reel at the shock
Of the storm, whose dread clouds, with their mantle of gloom,
Enfold in their bosom dark terrors of doom!

Deep into my spirit I drink of the blast,
The river of heaven's own breath flowing past;
And my soul, with unsyllabled joy, is elate
Because that the world is so lovely and great;
While raptures unuttered my bosom expand
As I gaze on the glory of ocean and land!

The spirits titanic, of ages gone by,
Through caverns of darkness still spectre-like fly
And utter their dirge as they plaintively cry
And weep for the beautiful days that are gone,
When the planet was young, and the sun shone upon
The world in the strength of its youth, and the hills
Were bursting with all the strong music that fills
The heart of the world, and which lifted the earth
And the rocks into mountains, and gave them their birth!
Now, in dark domes in the depths of the world,
In regions Plutonic their pinions are furled
Within the deep caverns where stalactites grow,
And stalagmites stretch their white hands from below;
Where myriad diamonds, like glittering snow,
Begem the wide floor of their palace with light,
Or festooned in fanciful beauty are bright
As the exquisite dream of a slumberous night!

Between the high pillars that sparkle with gems
Are the mystical thrones and the bright diadems
Of spirits that lived ere the ages began,
Or creation was crowned with the coming of man;
Methinks in the mountain their spectres are heard
In the moan of the wind, or the scream of the bird,
As it wails in the storm, with a pitiful word
Of the grief and the terror that lies at its breast,
The echo of chaos—the cry of unrest—
The war of the elements, wild and distrest!
The voice of the past is a moan and a sigh;
Its glory must vanish, its visions must die,
But out of them rises an anthem on high,—

A psalm whose full melody filleth the sky,
And thrills all the earth with a music God-given,
While the universe trembles with ecstasy riven!

Sing the sweet psalm of a planet whose praise
Fills all the path of its heaven-lit ways;
Sing all the forests with echoing song;
Wave all ye branches with wind that is strong;
Birds sing with softness upon the still air
A song that is sweet as the sound of a prayer,
While the waters that flash down the sparkling cascade,
And the chattering rills lend their magical aid
To an anthem that swells with a myriad sounds
In a rapture of song and a joy that abounds:
Ye billows resound with your ominous roar;
Your music shall blend with the song evermore
That rises to God from the beautiful shore!

Lo, cataract forests fall down the ravine
And torrents of trees and wide oceans of green
Spread over dark gorges, or sleep in the sheen
Of the soft morning sunlight that kisses the trees
And the blossoms whose beauty in rapture it sees;
There the weird eucalyptus spreads out its wild arms
As stirred with some frenzy amid the alarms
Of the darkness by night of the far solitude,
Where for ages hath roamed as its denizen rude
The dark aboriginal hunting his food
'Mid cries of the forest and crimsoned with blood.
Ah! dread were the horrors which filled with affright
The shuddering soul of the terrified night!

Wildly the woods tell the tale of the past,
Moaning their memories out on the blast
Of the wintry wind wafting with wet tears by
Where the Casuarinas so plaintively sigh
As they weep by the banks of the deep mountain stream
Which they fringe with the beauty and bliss of a dream !

Now shines the broad sun with a flood of glad light
Over the billowy mountains that bright
Roll like an ocean which rises and swells,
Crested with forests or sinking in dells
Where amid grass-tree and waratah dwells
The wild kookoobarra whose laughter loud swells,
Awaking the echoes of woods far away,
Where the kangaroos bound or the wallaroos stray,
And the emu with stately tread startles the snake
That glides like a guilty thing under the brake.
Deep down in the gorges whose caverns are wrought
In figures fantastic and shapes that are fraught
With the splendours of Petra, a mystery grand,
Whose temples rock-hewn in their solitude stand—
A glory gone out of a desolate land !

Yea, down in those vistas where man never strayed,
The lyre-birds sport in their beauty arrayed,
And the bell-bird, from out of its tremulous throat,
Awakens the wood with its exquisite note ;
And the lizard, that lies by the pool in a gleam,
Startles the hush with a plunge in the stream :
Yea, there is the home of the myriad life ;
The golden-winged beetle, and beings all rife

With boundless enjoyment in beauty bedight
To dwell in the petals and live in the light!
Fronds of the fern that bend over to kiss
Fairy-like orchids that live in the bliss
Of the coolness of shadows that shelter the dew
Which rests on the blossoms emblazoned in blue,
Or golden with glory that rivals the hue
Of the Tyrian dye, or the threads of the gold
Which shine with a lustre in tapestry old!
The tall giant lily lifts high like a torch
Its flower of flame, where the burning rays scorch
The bangalow palms that delight in the sun,
When the winter is past and the summer begun:
There the Native Rose modestly blooms with a blush,
And a fragrance unrivalled in all the wild bush,
Though the soft Pultenæa bends lowly with grace,
And the pink-petalled Christmas tree shelters the place
Where white and vermilion alternately trace
With beauty the splendid Epacris, or shed
A charm on the graceful Blandfordia's head;
While twines o'er the tree with its festoons of blue
The bright Hardenbergia's heavenly hue;
And pinnate Boronia's delicate tint
Of pink interweaves with a radiant glint
Of sunlight that brightens the russet and green
Of leaves that are lovely with blossoms between;
While yellow Mimosas luxuriant swoon
In the molten, magnificent glory of noon,
And the soft Actinotus, with white-petalled rays,
Reflects the fair suns of the far-away days!

* * * * *

Such, such are the scenes which enchant as we gaze
From the mountain o'er forests with beauty ablaze ;
And such are the charms which awake in the breast
A prayer that this land may be happy and blest !
Australia, beautiful, bright as the sun,
Her pathway of glory already begun,
Shall brighten and prosper until she possess
All that may gladden and all that may bless !
So thus from the mountain, o'er woodland and dell,
O'er city and village where peacefully dwell
A people industrious, happy and free,
We pray that their future may glorious be.
Beholding the scene that lies stretched at our feet,
Just here where the earth and the heaven would meet,
Nearer we seem to that God who can hear
And answer the prayer though it be but a tear :
May He, in His mercy, look down on our land,
And bless with His smile the fair work of His hand !

NOTE.

The plants referred to by their botanical names are the *Pultenæa formosa*—a beautiful soft yellow-flowered plant—papilionaceous—with bending branches. The *Epacris grandiflora* is sometimes called, as are other plants, the "native fuchsia." The *Blandfordia nobilis* is known by the name of "Christmas Bells." The Hardenbergia is erroneously called the "Sarsaparilla," while the pinnate Boronia is another specimen of that genus to which the native rose *(Boronia serrulata)* belongs. The Casuarina is the sheoak, and the Actinotus is the favourite Flannel-flower, which, in shape, resembles the sun and its rays. The Mimosas are the well-known species of wattles—genus Acacia.

# EARLIER POEMS.

## SELECTIONS FROM "PRINCE ALFRED'S WREATH."

[*Published at the time of the arrival and attempted assassination of Prince Alfred in New South Wales, in 1868. No words can ever describe and no years can ever efface the recollection of the heart-stirring emotions and events of that ever-memorable time.*]

I.

*Selection from* "THE EXPECTATION."

AS when o'er woodland, hill, and bay,
Or through some darksome forest way,
There softly gleams a genial ray
Of sunshine lighting up the day,
So resteth upon every face
A gladsome smile, a radiant grace;
Thus gleams a joy throughout the land
To every heart on every hand
It spreads and kindles up a flame
Of truest love for one dear name—
Prince Alfred!

* * * * *

Swell our hearts with one emotion,
With a deep and true devotion,
As the billows of the ocean,
In their wild and grand commotion,
Proudly bear his bark along:
So our love is deep and strong;
So we love him, though unseen,
As we love our Lady Queen
Who to us hath sent her son,
Since they are most truly one—
Alfred and our Queen.

* * * * *

II.

*Selection from* "THE ARRIVAL."

Though their brightness may be shrouded,
Say not that the heavens are clouded;
All the glory of this day
Drives the dark and gloom away;
Though the murky tempests lower,
Though the storm in torrents pour
Yet of ill this is no omen,
For, behold! amidst the shower
Sunlight glistens, and we know then
That in all his regal power,
Brightly rules the sun above,
As o'er sorrow ruleth love!

* * * * *

*Selection from* "THE LANDING."

Shine forth bravely, glorious sun,
Crash with thunder every gun;
Let the sunlight and the gladness,
Banish every thought of sadness;
Proudly flaunt, ye banners free,
Royal banners, proud as we,
In your royal pageantry!
Let the mighty crowds assemble,
While from heart to heart there tremble
Strong emotions none dissemble;
Every loyal heart is one,
Welcoming great England's son;
Let the very clouds be riven,
Let our pæan rise to heaven
Now our waiting all is past,
Now behold we him at last!

III.

* * * * *

*Selection from the* "SONG OF WELCOME."

With one united heart and voice,
Great Prince, we welcome thee,
And in thy royalty rejoice,
With all our loyalty!

Long have we loved with loyal heart
Her to whom thou art dear;
Our widowed Queen, though oceans part,
To us in love is near.

We never have beheld her face,
Nor gladdened in her smile;
But yet in truth her queenly grace
Has been with us the while.

* * * *

Heir of the Vikings, Prince of the Sea,
Son of a hundred kings!
A thousand blessings rest on thee
With the love a nation brings!

* * * * *

Welcome, thrice welcome then, son of our Queen,
We welcome thee all as we would
One whom for long we have loved though unseen,
Son of Prince Albert the Good!

*From* "MARCH 12TH."

Darkest day of all the years!
Who may utter all our grief;
All our words and bitter tears
Cannot yield us one relief!

* * *

Hear us from thy throne above,
God of mercy and of love!
Hear a nation's prayer and cry,
Grant, O heaven, he may not die.
Is this land he loved so well
Sullied by our Prince's blood!
Who can all our sorrow tell?
May the ceaseless, bitter flood
Of our tears wash out the stain;
May we see him once again!

* * *

Let one name unuttered be,
Blot upon humanity!

*From* "SMILES AND TEARS."

Thousands, thousands everywhere,
While your hearts with sorrow bleed,
Meet, and rend the startled air
With your curses on the deed!

Weary days and nights of watching,
Hearts so heavy, eyes so dim;
Eager every whisper catching,
Every word of news from him.

Now our hope is faint within us,
Now 'tis brighter than before;
All this trial seems to win us,
Make us love him more and more.

* * *

Now our bitterness is past,
  Hope gives way to certainty ;
And our joy, though overcast,
  Has a sweet reality !

So we see the sunlight glisten
  Through the rain, with silver rays ;
And through tears we smile and listen
  To our heart's own song of praise !

## QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

[*24th May*, 1865.]

SHINE forth, O bright Australian sun !
Be glad, O hearts of all the people !
Ye heavens with radiant azure gleam,
And royal banners proudly stream
Upon the breeze that joyful bears
A people's shouts, a people's prayers,
And blessings on their well-loved Queen !

We love thee, O thou royal Queen,
Although to us thou art unseen,
And half a world lies stretched between
Our shores and thine exalted throne.
Yet, yet we claim thee as our own,
Our most belovéd Queen.

God bless thee on this happy day,
Thou queen, of all the queens of May
The brightest and the best !
Oh, cease to shed those bitter tears
Which thou hast wept so many years—
Be comforted, be blest !

Be sure the prayers we pray for thee,
And all our hopes shall answered be.
Then smile, O gracious Queen, for we
Are glad this day because of thee!
Gleam forth, O bright Australian sun
For all our hearts this day are one
In gladness for our Queen!

## SABBATH BY THE SEA.

WHITE-CRESTED warriors, charging the land,
Column on column and band after band,
With glistering plumes rushing on to the strand,
With a roar and a shout and a hiss on the sand ;
Lo, how the lofty cliffs silently stand,
And the mountains and valleys lie peaceful and grand !

See the sweet sunlight that kisseth the flower,
Touching with glory the forests that tower ;
Lighting with beauty the innermost bower,
Where the waterfall sprinkles a silvery shower
On delicate fern leaves—a beautiful dower
In all the fair sweetness and calm of this hour !

The Sabbath of Nature, the peace of this day !
No music of language or utterance may
Its beauty or holiness ever portray.
Then rest, O ye waters, ye wild surges stay,
And let the fair sunlight with loveliest ray
Repose on the ocean—not gleam through its spray !

Methought, as I pondered, the billows replied,
" Why thus our rejoicing so foolishly chide?
Throughout the deep coral-wrought caverns we hide,
There echo for ever the psalms of the tide,
As we chant of His power whose strength is our pride!"
" Boom on, then, for ever, ye billows!" I cried.

## PIETY.

HEAVEN-BORN piety, beautiful word!
Soft as the note of a sweet singing bird,
As, mounting to Heaven, its music is heard
In the distance dying away;
As, singing of happiness, beauty and love,
It mounts to the paradise world far above—
To the regions of sunshine and day.

Like music Æolian, sweetly that tells
Of the balmy woodlands where flow'ret bells
Grow on the mountains and down in the dells
That echo the rivulet's mirth—
Of the fragrance they shed on the summer air—
Of the spirit of beauty that dwelleth there—
The smiling of God upon earth.

Yea, beauteous the pictures by fancy drawn,
When music like this to the ear is borne
By zephyrs that waft from the forest and lawn,
Where grandeur and loveliness meet;
But fairer the picture that now she would paint
Of the soul whose bright innocence sin cannot taint—
Of the heart full of piety sweet.

Oh, what a heavenly calm doth repose
In the heart from whose altar for ever there flows
An incense like fragrance more sweet than the rose
Of prayer unto Heaven above!
Yea, here is a picture that's lit by the face
Of Him who looks down in His bountiful grace
With the smile of His fatherly love!

## A VOICE FROM TANNA.

[*Written on the occasion of the punishment of the natives by H.M.S. "Challenger." The islanders of Tanna spoke of the "Challenger" as the "big ship," and compared the guns to lightning and thunder.*]

H, white man, white man, come no more;
We love not your "big ship:"
We're wandering on our wild seashore,
And wail with quivering lip.

We weep for all our loved ones slain,
Our grief we cannot tell;
You cannot understand our pain
But, oh, we loved them well.

You love your children, so do we—
We prize our warrior sons.
Oh, come not from beyond the sea
With the thunder of your guns!

We do not think that we are wrong;
How can it surely be?
May we not sing our wild war-song,
And feel that we are free?

We deem this little isle is ours;
Is it not ours?—oh, say
These are our rugged mountain towers,
And this our fishing bay.

We love our trees of sandalwood,
They surely are our own;
For here a thousand years they've stood,
And in our valleys grown.

You say that we are savage men;
We know not what you say;
Why judge us by your rules, and then
Our wives and children slay?

You say you are God's sons—'tis true;
Are we not also men?
Are we not God's own children too,
And we your brothers then?

Oh! white man, white man, come no more;
We love not your "big ship:"
We're wandering on our wild seashore
And wail with quivering lip.

## THE ANGELS' CHRISTMAS SONG.

LISTEN, listen, far away,
Where the glimmering dawn of the distant day
Illumines with beauty the far-off hills
With the first faint thought of a trembling ray;
What is that sweet, soft sound which thrills
With the soul of a song whose music fills
The vault of heaven and soft in rills
Of liquid melody melts away!

Listen, listen, far away;
'Tis the rustling sound of a myriad wings
Floating adown through the morning fair,
At first as faint as the whisperings
Of the leaves that stir in the morning air;
Wings of the angels soft and bright
With a quivering, gleaming, silver light
Floating from Heaven's cœrulean height
Along their shining way!
Listen, listen, far away,
What are the words that the angels say,

What is that song so sweet and soft
Which the Seraphim sing on the verge of day,
Faint in the distance or rising aloft?
What a glorious anthem of joy and praise,
What a jubilant shout of song they raise,
As they float amid the morning rays!

Listen, listen, nearer still,
"Glory to God in highest Heaven,"
This the glad hymn which angels sing—
"Glory to God on high be given,
All the glory that love can bring,
Goodwill and peace to all on earth,
Peace to all men of love and worth,
Peace because of a Saviour's birth!"
This is the anthem the angels sing!

In beautiful Bethlehem bright and fair,
Gather we round a cradle where
The infant Saviour is wrapt in sleep;
Then folding our hands in silent prayer,
May we think of the sufferings He must bear,
The bitter burden—the tears to weep,
That the Man of Sorrows our grief may share;
And so may we worship and homage pay
With the angels on that first Christmas Day,
To the infant Saviour that sleeping lay
In beautiful Bethlehem far away!

George Robertson and Company, Melbourne.

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